Saturday Night

MAY 26TH 1956 TEN CENTS

Canada's Bad-Mannered Newspapers

BY J. B. PRIESTLEY

★

Where Canadian TV Is Headed

BY MAVOR MOORE

★

New Golden Age of Jazz

BY DICK MACDOUGAL

★

Sophocles On Celluloid

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

© McKague

TV's Shirley Harmer: Page 15

Here they are!

NEW CHAMPS OF EVERY WEIGHT CLASS

Rugged, Big, Tough New Tandems

Now there are more reasons than ever why anything less is an old-fashioned truck!

New, wider range of models — 4 new heavy-duty series!
95 completely new models with G.V.W. ratings ranging up to 32,000 lbs.

New Triple-Torque tandems rated up to 32,000 lbs. G.V.W.
They're big, mountain-movin' tandems, rated up to 50,000 lbs. G.C.W.!

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Tubeless tires, standard in all models!
Added safety and lower maintenance at no extra cost in all new Chevrolet trucks.

Modern, concealed Safety Steps!
They're covered when cab doors are closed . . . stay clear of snow, mud and ice.

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Three different styling treatments — light-duty, medium-duty and heavy-duty!

More comfort with High-Level ventilation!
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New colors! New cab interiors!
A choice of 14 handsome exterior colors—and 13 two-tone combinations at extra cost.

New models do more and bigger jobs! New Power right across the board — with a brand-new big V8 for high-tonnage hauling!

Mighty, Versatile, Ultra-Efficient Medium Trucks

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WIDE CHOICE OF ENGINES IN V8 or 6

Brilliant, high-compression power throughout the line—new economical "go" in every model.

WIDE CHOICE OF AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSIONS INCLUDING THE ALL-NEW POWERMATIC—A HEAVY-DUTY, 6-SPEED AUTOMATIC!

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By CNR, you start your holiday in a luxury hotel on wheels. The engineer does your driving, and there are courteous people to serve you.

Where do you think you're going?

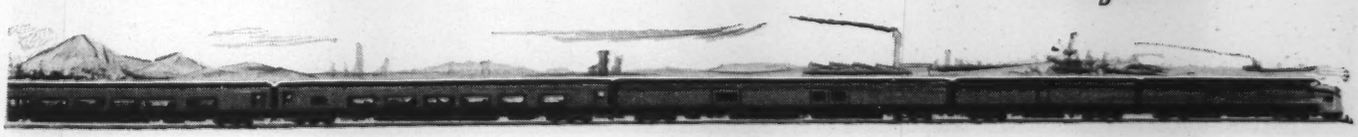
BOUND FOR THE EAST? HEADED WEST? No matter where in this wide and wonderful land you're going, by CNR you'll get there in comfort and in style.

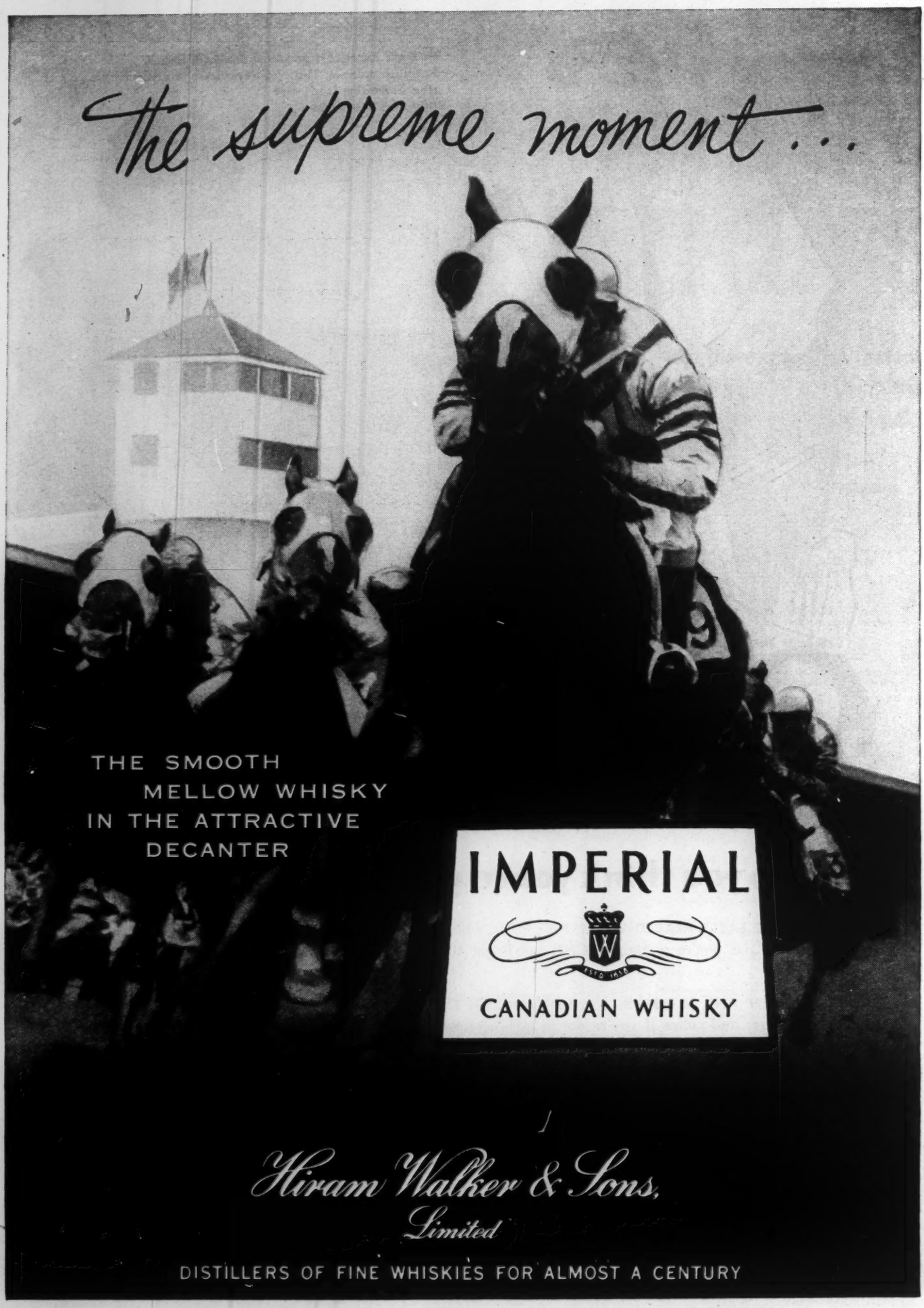
YOU'LL EAT, SLEEP AND BE MERRY — In the new CNR Dinette you can have a hamburger and coffee if you're not in a full-course dinner mood. At night, you'll sleep like a kitten between soft white sheets. And always by train, there's the stimulation of meeting new people.

ALL THIS, FOR JUST A FEW CENTS A MILE — Before you decide how you're going to get there, check CNR fares. Subtract the worry and fatigue of battling traffic. Add the comforting *certainty* of train travel — whatever the weather — you're on your way, and a rented car, if you wish, will await your arrival at major points.

Next time you travel, go by train. More and more Canadians who are going places, go CNR on such famous "name" trains as the Super Continental, the Continental, the Ocean Limited.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

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THE SMOOTH
MELLOW WHISKY
IN THE ATTRACTIVE
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CANADIAN WHISKY
Hiram Walker & Sons,
Limited
DISTILLERS OF FINE WHISKIES FOR ALMOST A CENTURY

THE FRONT PAGE

- Formula for the Festival
- Dollars versus Roubles
- Pipeline and Piffle
- The Insecure Male

Thank-You Note

TEMPERANCE workers and a good many members of the clergy have been greatly roused by a letter sent out by David J. Ongley, president of the Dominion Drama Festival. The gist of it was that since Calvert Distillers made the Festival financially possible it would be only fitting for the Festival's supporters to do their bit for Calvert ("each and every friend of DDF —and their friends—when the occasion arises, can remember and support Calvert").

We've been trying, not very successfully, to work out a formula which would be equally acceptable to the WCTU and Mr. Ongley. For example: "Each and every friend of DDF, when occasion arises, which God forbid, should remember and support Calvert"; or, "each and every friend of DDF, when occasion arises—snakebite, emergency anti-freeze, facial astringent, preservation of museum specimens, etc.—should remember and support Calvert".

Since nothing like this is likely to be satisfactory to both parties, however, we suggest that the temperance forces imitate the opposition and donate $25,000 to the Dominion Drama Festival. Next year's communication could then read: "Each and every friend of DDF, when the occasion arises, should remember and support the WCTU". The opening presentation would, naturally, be *Ten Nights in a Bar-room*.

Economic Contest

THE ROUBLE offensive launched by the Russians has many a Western statesman in a tizzy, but the Government mainly concerned, that of the U.S.A., is curiously calm about it all, at least outwardly. Yet there is no doubt that the West, and the United States in particular, must counter the Communist economic campaign with more imaginative policies. This does not necessarily mean the spending of more money or getting into a global bidding contest with the Russians. But it does mean a reappraisal of both the purpose and the method of giving military and economic help, particularly to "uncommitted" nations.

Stranger in the Market Place: cartoon by Pratt, Sacramento Bee.

What does the rouble offensive amount to, outside the Communist bloc? In dollar terms, it is not impressive—about $600 million so far in loans, credit agreements and equipment, mainly to India, Yugoslavia and Afghanistan. But it is growing, and is diverting attention from the American programs of long-term aid. Between July 1, 1945, and July 1, 1955, the U.S. spent $51,336 million in grants and credits, $36,672 million for economic development and technical assistance and the remainder for military assistance. The big share has gone to Western Europe, but India alone got more than $328 million, all of it in economic help.

The Russian advantage is that, for the present, they are not asking their debtors, openly or by implication, to be anything but neutral. They seek no military commitments. They may want to collect their debts later, but they do not talk about that now. The Americans, quite naturally, expect at least some thanks for their amazing display of generosity. Less goodwill and more cynicism would probably be more productive. Less childish faith in a multiplicity of military bases would also help.

An American commission is to study what is happening and make suggestions about dealing with the new Soviet tactics. In the meantime, North Americans can ponder this: the expansion of the Russian program of economic aid to non-Communist countries is a clear reflection of the growth of the Soviet Union's own economic strength. It would be folly to underestimate that growth or the Soviet Union's increasing ability to challenge the West as a provider of economic benefits.

Canadian Opinion

ONLY the seventh son of a leprechaun would venture to guess at this time what will be the tenor of the report by the Royal Commission on Broadcasting when it completes its work. Probably the last person even to think of such a guess would be the chairman of the Commission, R. M. Fowler, who in the hearings so far has veered between charming ingenuousness and bristling iconoclasm.

If there is any pattern to the hearings,

it comes from Mr. Fowler's obvious desire to test the strength of every argument presented to him. After listening to the brief of the Canadian Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters, for example, he questioned whether an independent body to regulate the CBC and the private broadcasters was necessary. He thought that such a tribunal might be tougher on the private operators than the CBC. Then in Winnipeg a couple of weeks ago he suggested that places without television should get it before second TV stations are built in larger centres—a theory that adds entertainment of citizens to the state's responsibilities.

We doubt if Mr. Fowler would want to make any serious defence of such suggestions. But his method is provocative and should bring about re-examinations of many a fixed idea. It is effective, however, only as applied to the people appearing before the Commission. These are all, in one way or another, special pleaders. The Commission must also make an earnest effort to test the opinion of the inarticulate thousands whose views may not appear in any brief.

The Commission has heard that "Canadians" don't want the CBC touched, that the "Canadian people" are fed up with the CBC, and so on. If all the special pleaders are to be believed, Canadians are the most mixed-up people on earth. A few days after one organization argued before the Commission that Canadians would not tolerate any curtailment of CBC service, the marketing research firm, Elliott-Haynes Limited, published the results of a study of public attitudes that showed 63 per cent of those interviewed favoring an all-private broadcasting system, 14.7 per cent supporting an all-government system and 15.5 per cent advocating a mixture. The comparative percentages in 1945, incidentally, were 44, 27.4 and 14. If these figures truly reflect Canadian opinion, they must have a strong influence on the course of the Commission's inquiry. It is up to the Commission to test them.

Baseball Weather

AFTER reading about a thing called the Cycle Stormograph used by some baseball officials for predicting weather, we telephoned the official Weather Bureau to make inquiries. The meteorologist we consulted said cautiously that while he wasn't familiar with the Cycle Stormograph, it sounded as if it might be an aneroid barometer. The Weather Bureau, he added, did not confine itself to aneroid barometers, which are as local in their application as a rheumatic joint. Instead, it is guided by readings of pressures and temperatures from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with seven or eight hundred points in between, as well as by reports from all the ships at sea. Even with this impressive coverage, it is still possible to go wrong, since unpredictable movements of air masses can always upset things.

Later we consulted a baseball enthusiast who always bases his attendance on indications from a rheumatic joint. His private indicator, which has been working since he fractured a toe in 1934, forecasts weather four or five hours in advance and is practically infallible. It only operates during the baseball season, however, and he attributes this to the fact that the toe was broken in a scramble for a foul ball back of third base.

Getting it Started

TRADE Minister Howe must be a puzzled man as the angry debate on the pipeline project rages around him. For years he has been attacked in and out of the Commons by people who claimed he was too eager to establish and protect crown corporations in competition with private enterprises. Now that he has made extreme efforts to get a pipeline built by a private company, many of the same people are blasting him for not putting the Government all the way into the gas business.

Leslie Frost: Wants the gas.

All the millions of harsh words that have been hurled at Mr. Howe in the present debate, however, have not been enough to dent the logic of his position. If the pipeline is to be built within a reasonable length of time, there is really no alternative to the Trans-Canada arrangement. It may not be a good arrangement; indeed, it has many serious defects. But it is the only practical method if the gas is to be delivered to Eastern Canada by 1960. Alberta wants to sell that gas, and Premier Manning has made it quite clear that he wants the business handled by private operators and not by governments. Manitoba and especially Ontario want the gas. Ontario's Premier Frost had tried to interest other companies in the pipeline and failed; he was also prepared to help build the line under public ownership; finally, he agreed to the Howe plan as the only one offering any hope of an early start on construction. The Trans-Canada operators can start work this year. They have spent an estimated $15 million already; they have contracts for gas, right-of-way releases, the necessary pipe and the technical personnel. There is no alternative unless the whole project is to be indefinitely delayed.

The greatest outcry against the Howe plan has been caused by the proposal of a $72 million loan to Trans-Canada to get the pipeline started. But it is not a gift or a subsidy; it is well secured. By this time next year, the Federal Government could find itself the owner of a partially finished pipeline, and the project could end up under public ownership. But the line would be started, and the Government would have its money's worth.

The loan idea, indeed, is one that could be used profitably to extend the development of the nation's natural resources. There are other projects in Western Canada and the Maritimes that would benefit from this method of assistance.

Insecurity Rating

DR. ERNEST DICHTER, president of the Institute of Motivational Research Inc., recently presented some interesting questions to a convention of Canadian advertisers. Why, he asked, are men reluctant blood donors? Why do they dislike eating lamb, object to new shoes and shudder at the thought of buying three suits at once?

His answer to all these questions was that men are the victims of a basic sense of insecurity. They dislike blood donations because of a subconscious fear that it will decrease virility. They distrust lamb (and this was shocking news to us, having a passion for lamb chops) for the same reason. New shoes, of course, often pinch the feet, and a man can't feel secure with a blister or a corn. The reaction to buying three new suits, we suspect, is a transference of insecurity from the bank balance to the conscience; the possession of three new suits in his clothes closet and a reasonable degree of solvency should make a man feel secure against anything but moths.

Still, there doesn't seem to be any answer to man's problem of insecurity other than the popular one of exploding hydrogen bombs in the South Pacific. Now if it could be proved that the Bikini experiments actually encourage a sense of security—if they send men out to buy three new suits after a visit to the blood donors' station and a hearty lunch of lamb chops—that would be *something* in favor of hydrogen bomb tests.

"I came here not to make money (though I like making money) but to make friends. I would hate to think I might be unwelcome just because a few newsmen were in search of lively columns."

Canada's Bad-Mannered Newspapers

by J. B. Priestley

IT LOOKS TO ME as if certain sections of the Canadian press have borrowed from their American colleagues a notoriously bad habit. This is the practice of writing down, sneering at, and in various other ways attacking the British author who happens to be visiting the country. This author may be working to an appallingly difficult tight schedule. In order to meet the demands made upon him, he may be under a considerable strain. And in spite of all this, he may succeed in doing all that is expected of him. But nothing is said about this. It is not news.

Such an author may have some things to say that are worth hearing, that might help the mutual understanding between our two peoples. But these sections of the Press give the minimum possible coverage to his serious thinking, to the very things he came to say. A packed hall may applaud him enthusiastically, but to the papers, this is not news, is not worth a line. It is not worth mentioning that he has made scores, perhaps hundreds, of new friends. There is no meat in such stuff. But let him get into the smallest quarrel, and immediately he qualifies for columns of comment. And here he must be shown in the same old bad light.

Let me give an example of what I mean. When I arrived in Alberta during my recent visit to Canada, I bought a local newspaper. It had a two-column spread saying "Priestley Sets Off Tirade of Insults." This was my welcome from Alberta. This was Hands Across the Sea.

Of course it makes lively reading. But it also makes very tough reading for a man who has travelled six thousand miles. It hardly establishes relations in a nice, easy, relaxed style. A man begins to wonder if he was not a fool to leave his home and his work.

The column report did not even try to play fair. It quoted the opinions of a number of commentators in Toronto, who announced that I was spoiled, bad-mannered, conceited, putrid, and ought to be "slugged on the head with the nearest cream pitcher". At the same time it took

THE LEADER-POST, REGINA, MONDAY, APRIL 23, 1

Priestley beastly, contradicts hosts

Insults Fly Thick, Fast

J. B. Priestley Provokes Furore

Priestley called 'spoiled and bad-mannered' in Toronto sti

Priestley On Art: It's The Yeast In Cake, Not Icing

Priestley Still Irked At Toronto Incident

Goldeye — Drives J. B. To Drink

Press vs. Priestley: Some of the choicer examples.

care to avoid quoting the opinions of other people in Toronto, people who felt I was amply justified in saying and doing what I did. Nobody who really knew me had a chance to say a word. On the other hand, not one of these others, who told the world what I am like, had ever spent five minutes alone in my company. The bias was clearly against me.

Why? What has Priestley done to Alberta? There was a time, during the blitz on London, when night after night I used to wait up until two o'clock to talk on the radio to places like Alberta, telling the people there what was happening to us. Nobody called me spoiled, bad-mannered, etc., etc., then, and I have not changed; I am exactly the same man. Except, it seems, I have made one mistake: I have turned myself into the visiting British author, thus making myself fair game for anybody in want of something lively to fill a column. Stay at home and you are all right. But come here at your own risk.

This is the American game, and in the past I have suffered from it to the extent of having whole interviews invented for me and private conversations "off the record" in press clubs dishonorably transformed into news and comment. I do not mean to suggest that all American newspapers and newspapermen behave like this. But too many of them do—or at least have done, not as a rule out of dislike for the visiting Britisher, with whom in private they may have been friendly enough, but because they feel that this is something expected of them. It is part of a tradition—and in my opinion, an extremely bad tradition, which has worked much mischief between two countries that have to understand each other.

Time after time, to my knowledge, visits by prominent English writers to the United States have been embittered and ruined by these mischievous antics, and

Mr. Priestley: "I doubt if envy plays a part in these attacks".

men who had nothing but goodwill for the U.S. have cried "Never again!"

Even so, American newspapermen have more excuse than Canadian newspapermen have for this kind of behavior. For at least it is a fact that some British authors have accepted highly-paid lecture engagements throughout the States when they should never have done so, if only because they had had no training and experience in public speaking, could not possibly hold audiences in large halls, and in some instances had not prepared sufficient lecture material to last more than half the required time. And let me add as a conscientious performer that all this shocks me.

Knowing that some of these bogus performers on the lecture platform were raking in the dollars and then going home to laugh at the audiences, American columnists had some excuse at times for irritation. They would certainly have had my sympathy if they had openly denounced these fraudulent visitors from Britain. But in any case this grievance against a few did not entitle them to attack every unfortunate writer who happened to be travelling in America.

The point is, the business was largely routine. If the visitor said a dozen pleasant things, they were all left out or played down. But if he made the smallest adverse criticism, this was immediately played up, magnified, over-colored, until innocent readers were demanding to know what was the matter with these insolent mannerless Britishers.

The Canadian newspaperman, following this bad American tradition, seems to me to have no excuse whatever. The British were always the villains of the piece in American history, whereas we are members of one Commonwealth, with all manner of ties between us. No English visiting lecturers have done too well out of Canada, as some of them did out of America. There are few easy pickings for the visitor in this dominion.

What about envy? Possibly a few columnists are disappointed authors, whose books have not succeeded or perhaps have never been published at all. A soured character of this sort might find himself under strong interior compulsion to attack a visiting author who seemed to him to be receiving too much favorable attention. This is possible, but it is not very probable. Most of the columnists I know are not envious of established authors, if only because they vastly enjoy and prefer being columnists.

What are we left with then? We are left with what I stated at the beginning of this piece—that a bad habit has been borrowed from the American Press.

This ought not to surprise us when we remember how many dubious features of American popular journalism have either been reproduced or imitated in Canada, from columns of medical advice to slabs of Hollywood or Broadway gossip and the comic strips. (They have been imitated in England too — God help us all!) Against this mass borrowing, the trick of exhibiting the visiting author in the worst possible light is merely a whimsical detail, thrown in with the big package.

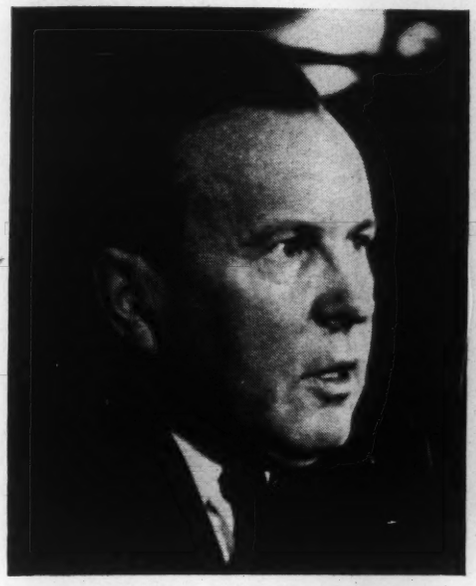
But don't let anybody tell me it doesn't matter. I am tired of hearing it. I heard it over and over again from American friends and acquaintances, who said "We don't take these papers seriously". And no doubt these friends and acquaintances did not take these papers seriously, but what they forgot was that a great many other people did, with the result that legends grew, opinions hardened, and publishers, editors, theatrical producers, began to be uncertain about working with an author who had achieved such a dangerous reputation.

Over twenty years ago, I was on a liner bound for New York which stopped for a few hours at Boston. A young reporter came aboard to interview me, and I was careful to give him only a few facts—that I was on my way to Arizona, that I might do a film, and so forth, a very brief interview in which I stated no opinions about anybody or anything. That night a news agency sent out from Boston a column of abuse of that city and of a great many other American people and things, all boldly attributed to me. In New York I visited the headquarters of that news agency, and successfully demanded that they should issue a denial. But of course the mischief was done. Months later, my American publishers showed me an immense heap of press cuttings, all denouncing me, from Vermont to Southern California, for saying these things I had never said.

Nothing as bad as that has happened here, of course. But people I met at lunch or dinner were beginning to say, "Don't take any notice of our newspapers —we don't". And though I know they meant well, and sincerely believed they were speaking the truth, I also know from bitter experience that this is not how it works, that the bad legend grows and hostile opinion hardens.

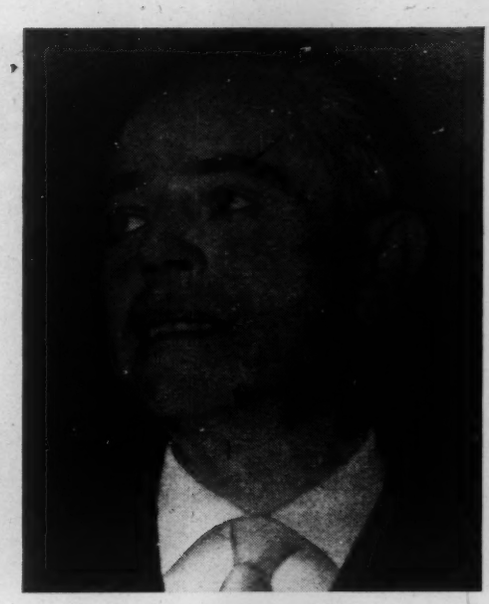
If this should happen in Canada, it will be sadly ironical, for I came here not to make money (though I like making money) but to make friends. This huge country, in which one may do a television program not two hundred miles from the wilderness, now finds itself in a situation that fascinates me, both as a writer and as a social observer, and I would hate to think I might be unwelcome here soon, just because a few newspapermen were in search of some lively columns.

So to the readers of those columns, most of them potential friends, I would say: "Don't form an opinion too quickly. Give the visiting celebrity at least a sporting chance. Remember that often his friends have no opportunity to defend him in public. And in any case, even if by some hasty action or ill-chosen words he may have genuinely given offence, don't forget that more often than not he is under a considerable strain, being compelled to use up nervous energy at a furious rate, living in unusual and difficult circumstances, far removed from home and from the rest and privacy that most of us need. If you don't want such people to visit you, well and good, there is nothing more to be said. But if you do, then please discourage the more irresponsible sections of the Press from creating mischievous legends and acting as a barrier between people who might become friends."



Canada's Lester Pearson

Norway's Halvard Lange



Italy's Gaetano Martino

The Three Wise Men and the Problem

THE NORTH ATLANTIC Treaty Organization is shaky. Conceived in 1949 as a loose system of mutual defence, it quickly became a tight military alliance in the face of Soviet threats. But the strains within NATO have become severe as Russian policies seemed to soften. Cracks have opened up as the immediate pressure of Red aggression lessened. France has taken troops from the NATO command and put them in North Africa. Britain and Greece are at odds over Cyprus. West Germany is slow in assuming her full military responsibilities. Leaders of most of the 15 nations in NATO are agreed that, to survive, the alliance must now have a stronger reason for being than simply fear of armed attack. Thus the "three wise men", Pearson of Canada, Lange of Norway and Martino of Italy will try to work out new proposals for next December's NATO council meeting.

Volunteers for West Germany's slowly expanding army.

French troops taken from NATO fight in North Africa.

British paratroopers hunt for Greek terrorists on Cyprus.

First television program in Canada on September 8, 1952. Above, Mavor Moore (right), Glenn Gould and cast.

Where Canadian Television Is Headed

by Mavor Moore

What matters is not that we are Canadian, but that because we are Canadian, we have a rare chance to contribute new ideas and methods to a world crying for them.

WHEN CANADIAN television went on the air on September 8, 1952, one of the two Toronto television columnists wrote: "CBC Television was not triumphant in its opening. It was not really good. There was little worth sitting through and nothing you would want to endure a second time." The other gave it as his opinion that Canadian television had bowed in backside foremost. But the Buffalo paper — untroubled by our national psychosis—called it "three hours of unusual, interesting and highly professional entertainment . . . Their pattern could well be followed by the U.S. television industry."

Less than four years later, television coverage has grown to include three-quarters of the population, there is a national network of eight CBC stations and twenty-five private stations (four more on the way)—and the argument is still raging.

In Vancouver, where the Canadian station must compete with four U.S. stations, the CBC has an average audience of 44 per cent of the viewers. In Toronto, where it competes with three (and in some areas four) U.S. stations, the average is about a quarter of the viewers. The percentage is, of course, much higher for some programs and lower for others. In centres where there is only a Canadian station, viewers heatedly debate the comparative merits of the home-grown and imported programs, and station operators are pressed to include both more and fewer Canadian shows.

It is the business of the CBC now, as it was then, to provide a Canadian program service for *national* distribution, which can only be done with the co-operation of private stations. It was for this purpose the Corporation was first set up—under a Conservative government, incidentally—and it has since been regarded by many as the strongest unifying influence in the country, whether or not one admires its programs.

In pursuance of the terms of reference given it by Parliament (not, let it be noted, merely by the government of the day) the CBC has of course necessarily incurred the wrath of (a) those who neither like Canadian programs by definition nor relish supporting them for those who do, and (b) those in the broadcasting business who stand to make more money by importing American programs (cheaper) and in general operating without such curbs on their commercialism.

Columnist Stan Helleur in the *Toronto Telegram* recently called the Corporation "a presumptuous, empire-building group of bureaucrats who once and for all should be exposed for the unprofessional incompetents that they are". This was a week or two after the CBC ran off with most of the top prizes, in competition with the American networks, at Ohio University's annual award-giving; and a day later the Canadian Labor Congress called for even stronger CBC controls over private stations.

Both factions have often been done great disservice by their respective supporters. The case for a distinctively Canadian television service has been kissed half to death by preciosity and chauvinism: by those who would limit culture to the hot-house variety, and those who would describe as wondrously Canadian

The Cost

If as a people we allow ourselves to be reduced, in terms of mind and spirit, to the level of the poorest among us, the cost will be incalculably greater than whatever the Royal Commission recommends we subscribe for a national TV service.

every virtue admired by mankind in general. And many of those who are alarmed at the prospect of being embraced by the fierce American eagle suggest as the sole alternative flying back into the arms of mother Europe. These are the worthies who "only trust the BBC news", or believe every enjoyable musical sensation emanated from France, Germany and Italy before 1900. And in their turn they have been abetted by those who equate goodness with dullness, who insist—in the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary—that children are educated mainly by "educational" programs, and that educational programs must consequently never crack a smile.

It is an ironic fact that such viewers (or often non-viewers) share with the crassest of commercial advertisers a belief that nothing serious must be laughed at lest someone or something be offended: the police, the clergy, lawyers, politicians, doctors and the Crown (except in Shakespeare, nursery rhymes and the Bible) are not matters for mirth or criticism.

Those who oppose the CBC are equally embarrassed by some of their own supporters.

First on my list I would put the profiteer, for whom "public service" is at best a bribe to society to leave him in peace to mulct society. He is automatically against anything that curbs his "freedom" (his favorite word) to rob others of theirs, and is mad at the CBC for allowing other views than his own medieval ones to be aired.

A close ally of his is the television viewer whose yardstick of entertainment is that it should be not only painless but preferably frivolous: for him, viewing is a waste of time unless the program is a waste of time. It is unlikely that this philistine will have read *Richard II*, and so he will not have come across *Richard's* savage warning: "I wasted time, and now time wasteth me". Meantime, he has no patience with those who wish to improve the shining hour, and lambastes those who think television is a fine way of doing so.

But opposition to the CBC comes not only from pirates and lowbrows. Many thoughtful people have no sympathy for a movement which is by definition national at a time when internationalism is in vogue, and argue that a self-conscious seeking after Canadianism is economically and politically silly. "Culture is international", they say loftily, apparently oblivious of the logic that before anything can be *international* many things must be *national*. They remind me of the artist who thought the best way to paint a picture was to pour all the colors into one pot first.

However, possibly the greatest stumbling block to clear thinking about Canadian television is the tendency to put all factors

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COMPACT PFITZER JUNIPER	15-18 in.	4.75
BLUE PFITZER JUNIPER	15-18 in.	4.75
SPINY GREEK JUNIPER	15-18 in.	4.25
ANDORRA JUNIPER	18-24 in.	4.75
BURKS JUNIPER	30-36 in.	5.50
HILLS DUNDEE JUNIPER	30-36 in.	5.50
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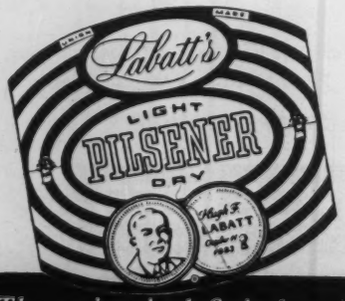

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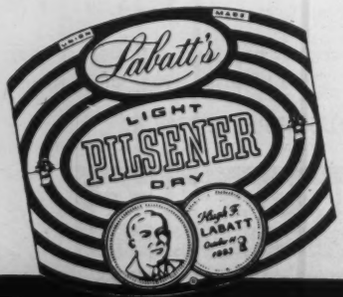

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beginning to end with these musicians in mind—the way they play, the way they sound. I take all this into consideration when I write a jazz composition."

Another development, paralleling the increasing influence of the Conservatory-trained musicians, is the changing line-up of the jazz group. Just as the big bass drum and the cornet were replaced when jazz moved up the river, so for the first time jazz composers such as Jimmy Giuffre, Shorty Rogers and Gerry Mulligan are scoring for such instruments as the English horn, flute, mellophone and bassoon. It is natural under the circumstances that the old compositions—"Sugar Foot Stomp", "Jelly Roll Blues" and so on—would have to give way. They did, and along with such new compositions as Giuffre's "Four Brothers" and Mulligan's humorous "Walkin' Shoes", a great many ballads have been revived—"Let's Fall in Love" and "Little Girl Blue" to name only two. Both these songs have a strong harmonic line, and it is upon this line that the groups develop their music. To illustrate the highly individual styling of the new jazz, RCA Victor recently issued 18 different recordings of "Lullaby of Birdland" on one LP. It is a curiosity, of course, but the point is a telling one.

Jazz has also found a new audience in the people who flock to the jazz concerts. Norman Granz and Stan Kenton pioneered this form. Granz, a kind of William Zeckendorf of Jazz, is the mainspring of an organization known as JATP, or Jazz at the Philharmonic. When not crossing public swords with jazz critics, he finds time to manage a great many of the performers, run several record companies, and, of course, arrange his world tours. Hardly a city of any size goes by without an annual Granz concert. Kenton, currently in Europe, has also been a front man for jazz.

The present path of jazz seems to be leading it into much more complex methods of expression than the old-style blues form. This is natural. Like any art-form, jazz mirrors its day and age. The music of a Duke Ellington or a Gerry Mulligan expects as much of an audience as that of Bach or Beethoven. Good jazz demands an attentive ear and a receptive mind.

There is plenty of the old style jazz around. Such groups as Louis Armstrong, Turk Murphy and Muggsy Spanier continue in the old tradition, but the new jazz is breaking fresh ground. The old approach is still valid but, quoting Jack Montrose again: "We can't always use the rules of the past to govern our methods of the present or future. We have to continually seek new ways in which to cope with the present." Meanwhile, more people are listening to, reading about and enjoying jazz than at any other time in its chequered history.

Everybody's Young Sister

by Harry Rasky

In fairly neurotic times, her "Gee, gosh" attitude toward life is a pleasant rarity. The star of *GE Showtime* is called one of the top ballad singers in North America by Paul Whiteman.

Shirley Harmer

IN NEW YORK, along the grey flannel canyons of Madison Avenue, high-priced advertising executives and television network vice-presidents worry weekly about matters far more important than life and death: the TV ratings. As goes the slender line of audience approval, so goes the life line of their jobs.

The guiding forces of U.S. television have long ago found that ratings are based on stars. They have also concluded that the stars with "the mostest" are those who appear most natural when transplanted from studio to living-room by way of the electronic image. The 21-inch kings of today are of the suspenders-and-slippers variety—Perry Como, Steve Allen, Dave Garroway, even stone-faced Ed Sullivan, who plays his stone-faced self. Their female counterparts are those who remain as fresh and alive as an actuality broadcast.

In Canada, where home-made stars are a rarity, one performer has emerged above all others—Shirley Harmer. The 24-year-old star of *GE Showtime* has eclipsed the others simply by being herself. She is everybody's kid sister or daughter. The critical camera at close-up range seeks out and exposes artificial roses, but treats spring flowers with the courtesy they deserve and require. When Shirley greets a million Canadians on Sunday night, breathless and blushing, the lack of breath and shyness are real. When she emotes a ballad which calls for sadness, Shirley really would like to cry. ("I really couldn't though, because I know the mascara would run all over the place.")

Those of the showbusiness greats who have heard Shirley at her best, regard her as one of the best. A much quoted comment was that made by one of her chief admirers, veteran band-leader Paul Whiteman, who classed her with Bing Crosby as "the two best vocalists with whom I have ever worked". To prove his faith he put her on the radio coast to coast in the U.S. and featured her in his Gershwin concerts in 1954 at the Hollywood Bowl, Denver, and Carnegie Hall.

But if Shirley Harmer, who has appeared before a crowd of 20,000 in Hollywood or a television audience of millions in New York, looks like a girl from a small town in front of a big audience in a strange big city, it is because she is just that. Thornton's Corners, where she was born, was outside Oshawa then, but has since been absorbed by the expanding automotive city. The twenty houses to which she delivered papers as a youngster on her paper route pretty well sum up its size. Everyone near or in Oshawa seems to work at the General Motors plant, and her father, Bill Harmer, is no exception; he's been there for 35 years.

Music has always been a part of the Harmer family life. Shirley's parents met when her dad was on a Toronto stage singing "In My Merry Oldsmobile", soon after GM brought out the new car. Bill Harmer sang beside his young daughter for three years in the local Methodist church choir. Her three brothers and two sisters often used to gather with her to sing around the piano while Mrs. Harmer played.

In her early days in high school she was a skinny, bashful wallflower. She recalls, "My grandmother used to work so hard at making me a dress for the school dance. When I got home and she asked if I had a good time I was too embarrassed to tell her I hadn't been asked to dance once." When at 15 she blossomed out as a young beauty, she wasn't asked to dance much either, because then she was the vocalist with the

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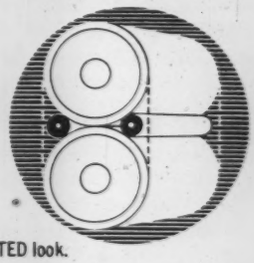

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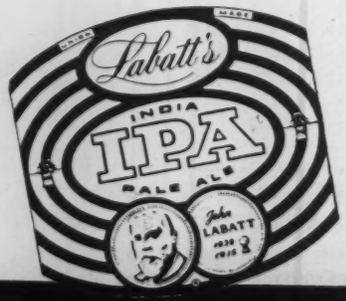

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band. She sang with Boyd Vallean for $2 a job.

Her one dream was to get married and have a home and children. She had started on her trousseau when she was eleven. She didn't care too much for big cities. "I used to get a headache every time I came to Toronto. I knew if I ever went to New York it would be on a honeymoon."

It didn't work out that way. In Toronto she was coached by the tender-voiced band vocalist, Art Hallman, who arranged for her to audition for the George Murray radio show on Toronto station CFRB. George became her Canadian manager. He took her to New York for a try at record-making. MGM needed someone to sing *"Embrasse Moi, Bien"*, a French song, and just presumed, as many Americans do, that all Canadians speak French. Shirley didn't. A French-Canadian fisherman, a friend of George's, taught her how and she made her first recording.

A year in New York followed, with regular television appearances on the Dave Garroway Show, and frequent radio jobs on ABC with Paul Whiteman. But Shirley was unhappy. With room-mate and fellow vocalist Jill Corey, she led a hermit's life at the Barbazon Hotel for Women. Her mother, a member of a Temperance Union, had instilled in her the fear of drink; so night-life was out. Her family and the man she loved, George Murray, were in Canada.

But back in Canada she got what every girl wants—a husband; and the American reviews helped land her star billing on a weekly TV variety show. George Murray, the Scots-Canadian who is probably Canada's best known Irish tenor, married her, and she became the star of *GE Showtime*.

Shirley is unique in many ways. As a star, she demands no extra privileges. Any Sunday she can be found joking, giggling and sympathizing with members of the cast and crew of the show during rehearsal. Cameramen will inevitably search out the kindest angle for her. Make-up and wardrobe girls always give her loving attention. Dancers treat her gently when she attempts some new, simple step. Their feelings are summed up by the writer of *Showtime*, wise and witty Dodi Robb, who commented, "She is the most delightful and warmest person in Canadian show-business. I've never heard a beef about her."

The show's producer-director, tough and talented Don Hudson says, "There's no doubt she is the most entertaining female personality in the Canadian musical comedy field. Usually I use only one camera on her. I dolly in and let her tell her own story."

Hudson prides himself on the fact that *Showtime* has remained the only Canadian variety show that has not imported American so-called stars, and yet has remained the most popular. While the others have sent across the border for American "names", quite often that is all they have received—name, but no talent.

Canadians are a peculiar breed. They are hugely nationalistic, but have an ingrown inferiority complex. Unless a Canadian performer has spent some time in the U.S. they feel she couldn't be much good. The TV viewer, looking up from an American beer commercial, would hotly deny this, of course, but nonetheless, it is a fact.

Even Shirley, who confines most of her planning to her immediate self-improvement and domestic matters, says, "I feel I have to do several American guest appearances each year to keep Canadians aware. But I really think that many of our shows are far better than ones down there."

Today, Shirley leads a rather simple life. She spends about thirty hours each week in rehearsal. Most evenings are taken up with the memorizing of lines in her three-room Leaside, Ontario, apartment. The other evenings are likely to be spent in front of the TV set watching other performers and the late movies. George drives her to work and picks her up each day in a cream Oldsmobile.

Shirley's favorite dress is an old shirt and jeans. She wears her dark honey-blonde hair long. Her gentle, warm features often give her a Grace Kelly look. Her 114-pounds fit nicely on a five-foot four-inch frame.

George's son, 11-year-old Craig—named after the Craig family, the farm radio serial on which George has been appearing for 17 years—lives with them when not at boarding school. Shirley would like to adopt an Indian child she met during a charity show at the Gravenhurst Sanatorium. And eventually she would like a large family of her own.

In off hours the Murrays like to golf or fish. Neither gets much time for reading, but currently they are exploring the religions of the East. George reads aloud and Shirley listens. ("Gosh, it's fascinating.") Shirley prefers folk songs and ballads. Once in a while she goes to see an opera. She has no liking for the current rock 'n roll craze, even though many of her fans are teen-agers.

Meantime, the George Murrays are planning a summer trip to Hollywood. Should Shirley take a successful screen test, it's quite possible Canada will have to start looking for a new number one star.

Each of her phrases is filled with the same enthusiastic simple love of life. In fairly neurotic times, her "Gee, gosh" attitude toward life is a pleasant rarity.

Should she go south and not return most Canadians would feel they had lost their young sister. But after all, who doesn't wish his young sister well?

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CIGARETTES

The Boy Was Saying Something

by Charles Bruce

The boy was saying something. His light voice
Questioned and halted, grave and tentative;
Poised on a listening *why* some trivial thing—
(Why herring school, or moles burrow, or tide
Turns, or why the sun turns north in summer)
Suddenly wondered over.

The old man
Answered him, idly. Holding his answer to
The word, the indifferent word; but somehow too
Reading the thing behind it (scarcely thought
nor yet anxiety, but a still concern;
a dream, a listening—to the beat of time,
and search and touch and vanishment: the question
no word can ever shape
And somehow—casual, indifferent,
With a small laughter running in his talk,
Aimless and careful—somehow answering that.

Poised for a moment, there, the tilted head.
The light voice asking. And the answering voice
Searching, in quiet laughter and still words . . .

And over them the sky.

Pulse

by Douglas Lochhead

The sea is at once
beginning and end,
the pulse around
and within.

In the wave
the pulse lives;
in the gull's wing,
in starfish
surviving the roll
and back of boulders
tossed and surf-blown
in the eye-blinking
Atlantic wind.

Pulse within pulse,
in the shell's rewording
of the sea's bounce;
here is the world's song,
the anthem in the bone
carried for listening
and hoping to the ear.

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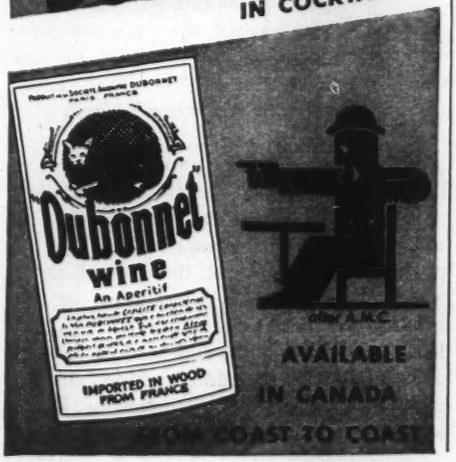
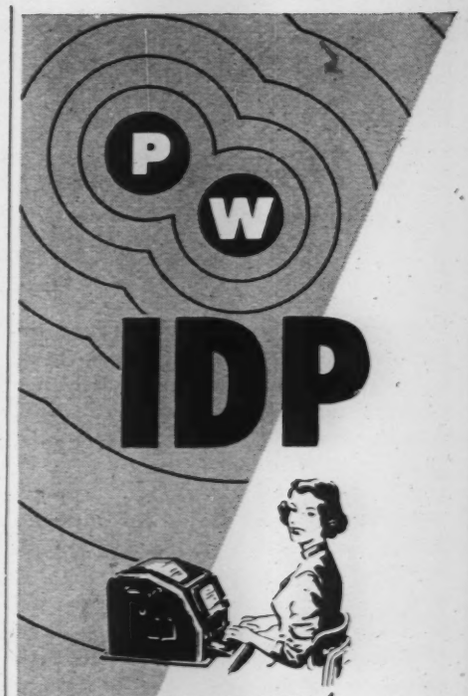
SERVE DUBONNET CHILLED
USE DUBONNET IN COCKTAILS





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OTTAWA LETTER

Howe Shows Who's the Boss

by John A. Stevenson

WHEN GLADSTONE suddenly espoused the cause of Home Rule for Ireland in 1885, he was described by Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir Winston's father, as "an old man in a hurry". Today at Ottawa an aging man in a hurry, the Hon. C. D. Howe, is responsible for what stands out as the major issue of the parliamentary session and probably of the next general election.

It is at Mr. Howe's instigation that the St. Laurent Ministry has committed itself to finance with public funds at least half of the cost of the construction of a transcontinental gas pipeline, whose ownership will be in the firm control of three powerful American corporations.

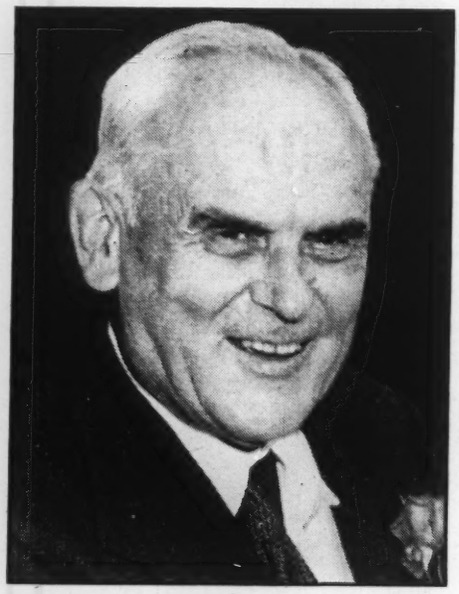
Trans-Canada Pipelines Ltd. was fortunate in finding such an ardent champion as Mr. Howe, whose record as the driving administrative force in the Cabinet has given him great authority in its councils and enormous prestige in the worlds of business and finance.

Frustrations such as the failure of the company to persuade New York financiers that the pipeline would be a profitable enterprise did not dismay him. He had also to reckon with some formidable domestic lions in his path. He could make light of the hostility of the two largest parties in Opposition. It was more difficult to cope with the distaste of the Hon. Walter Harris, the Minister of Finance, for the idea of asking the taxpayers of Canada to finance an enterprise controlled by American interests, and with the reluctance of Ministers from Quebec and the Maritime provinces to endorse a scheme promising no possible benefits to their own bailiwicks. At times the odds seemed all against Mr. Howe, but he has remarkable tenacity of purpose and is adept in the effective application of pressure upon weaker or wavering brethren. He kept the negotiations with all the interested parties in his own hands and only doled out meagre gobs of information to his colleagues.

When he had to face a steady barrage of queries in the Commons about the pipeline, he proved himself not merely a virtuoso in the art of evasion but something less creditable.

Starting on March 27, Frank McMahon, Calgary oil millionaire, had sent him four communications outlining proposals for an alternative pipeline scheme. Mr. Howe had the audacity to tell the House of Commons up to May 2 that "I have no McMahon documents" and that "no communication was made to me of a possible alternative plan".

The Prime Minister by inference endorsed this denial on May 2 by saying that he had seen no McMahon documents and that no alternative proposals had been made to the Cabinet. Yet all through April the Cabinet was engaged in discussing the feasibility of providing further financial assistance to Trans-Canada Pipelines in order that it could begin the construction of the prairie section of the line.



Mr. Howe: Aging man in a hurry.

We are asked to believe that Mr. Howe participated in these discussions, in which there must have been some heated passages, without mentioning the alternative McMahon proposals. Mr. Howe has never made any secret of his contempt for some of his colleagues, but if he actually treated them en masse in this arrogant fashion, their docility in accepting his dictates about the pipeline reveals them as an unusually feeble lot.

Anyhow, it is now plain that Mr. Howe is the real master of the Cabinet and that Mr. St. Laurent, its titular leader, is a figurehead. Whenever he was interrogated about the pipeline by the Opposition he took refuge in professions of rosy innocence about the developments; on several occasions he gave evidence of ruffled nerves and imperfect control of his temper. Indeed, he made public confession of his discomfort when he said to the House, "I can assure you that I do not enjoy as much as you do these questions, which are being constantly thrown at me".

The cold truth is, as this writer has repeatedly stated, that Mr. St. Laurent came too late into public life to acquire an adequate understanding of the proper functions of a Prime Minister and the skill essential for the successful management of the House of Commons. He is now too old to change his ways. But he might at least refrain from expressing his aversion to complying with one of the rights and privileges of Parliament.

After Mr. Howe had brought the Cabinet to heel, he still had the task of convincing the rank and file of the Liberal party. It was tackled at a full-dress caucus of the Liberal party on May 6. At this meeting some restless members addressed searching questions to the Ministers about their policy, but Mr. Howe was so persuasive that endorsation of the plan later unfolded to the House of Commons was gained without serious dissent.

Ministers are having to find answers to two serious complaints. One is why, when they are ready to risk so much public money in what is still a dubious venture, they do not go the whole hog and build the pipeline as a state enterprise; the other is why they are willing to make two prosperous provinces, Ontario and Alberta, the chief beneficiaries of large financial commitments by the Federal Treasury, when they cannot find money for projects dear to the heart of some poorer provinces.

To meet the first complaint, their fuglemen are saying that public ownership of the pipeline is by no means ruled out; when private interests decline to undertake a project Mr. Howe deems essential to the future prosperity of the country, he has not hesitated to intervene, as in the cases of Trans-Canada Airlines and the Polymer Corporation.

They suggest that, because Trans-Canada Pipelines has secured options on the only large quantity of the requisite pipe, it must be coddled and fostered for the time being. When it has to admit failure for its efforts, the Government will step in.

As for the other complaint, rumors have been circulated that New Brunswick will in due course be pacified by an offer of generous financial help for the power developments at Beechwood, upon which the profitable exploitation of the province's mineral resources depend. Saskatchewan will be appeased by similar assistance for the construction of the dam on the South Saskatchewan River, which has caused so much controversy.

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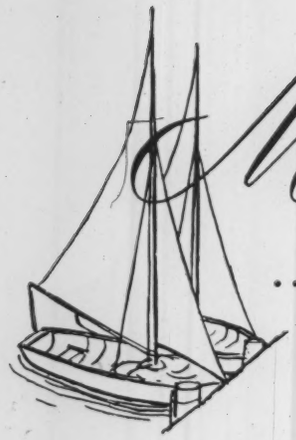

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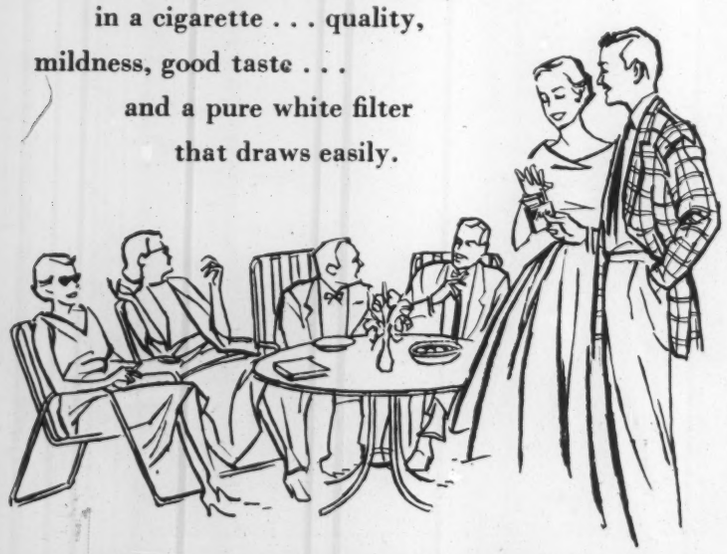


African Sun

by William Krehm

TO THAW ITSELF OUT in a cold, mechanized age, White America turned to the vitality of jazz, stored up from thousands of years of African suns—much in the same way as it heated its homes with the solar energy locked in dark lumps of anthracite. In the common man's rebellion against having his soul committed to a tin can, Jazz has played a banner role.

Here are some recent releases of jazz discs:

Satchmo Serenades: *Decca DL 8211.*

Louis Armstrong with orchestra under Sy Oliver.

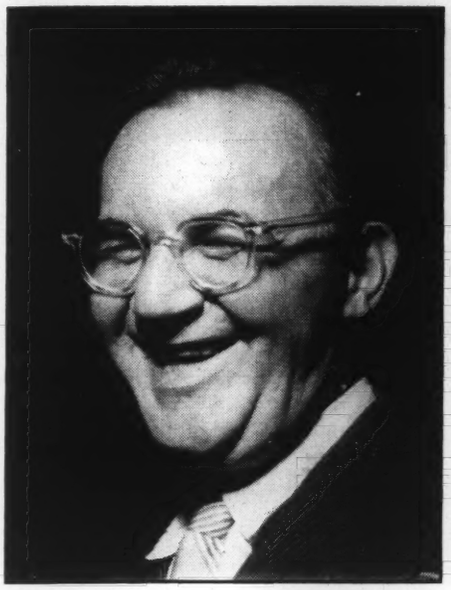
With so much that is spurious in the jazz field, Armstrong more than anybody else is still the personification of the authentic thing. When Louis picks up his trumpet and blows one of his gleaming improvisations, you are swept along in the slipstream of his ecstasy. And all the while he raises his eyes, half-mischievous, half-angelic, heavenward in full confidence that, Gabriel or no Gabriel, there'll be a rich demand for a horn like that wherever he may be. Under the magnetism of this remarkable little man, you can understand how his admirers should be so far misled as to believe that he has a singing voice as well. On this record Satchmo, the gravel-throated vocalist shares honors with Satchmo, the trumpeter. It is an important disc for the jazz fan. For as limited as his vocal equipment may be, Satchmo's singing provides the prototype for his fabulous trumpet-playing—just as so many of the characteristics of instrumental jazz are based on the peculiar textures and intonations of the Negro voice.

Jelly Roll's Jazz, Lawson-Haggart Jazz Band: *Decca 8182.*

Real gutbucket stuff. A good band plays such undying Jelly Roll Morton classics as the "King Porter Stomp", "Dead Man Blues".

Garry Moore Presents my Kind of Music: *Columbia CL 717.*

A fine little collection featuring the dishevelled trumpet of Wild Bill Davison, the inspired guitar of George Barnes, the cheeky little tin whistle of Randy Hall, the triple-jointed piano fingers of Mel Henke, and the earthy harmonica and the dirty voice of Sonny Terry. The whole is climaxed by a jam session.



Benny Goodman: Subtle changes.

The Benny Goodman Story: *Decca DL 8252-3.*

The Golden Age of Benny Goodman: *RCA—Victor LPM 1099.*

These two releases are complementary rather than competitive. The Decca is taken from the sound track of the Universal-International film, done wherever possible with the original musicians. RCA-Victor has used the original recordings of items appearing in the film. Between the two the jazz student can trace many subtle changes worked by time. On both you can savor the genius of Goodman, who along with Ellington has done most to reconcile the improvisatory freedom essential to good jazz with the large band medium.

Here's the Duke, Duke Ellington and his Orchestra: *Columbia CL 2562.*

Six items, "On a Turquoise Cloud", "New York City Blues", "Three Cent Stomp", "Hy'a Sue", "Lady of the Lavender Mist", "Progressive Gavotte", which show a great deal of the Duke's teeming inventiveness and smooth execution.

Lullabies of Birdland, Ella Fitzgerald: *Decca DL 8149.*

Ella Fitzgerald is one of Jazz's all-time greats and for this disc she has laid aside none of her stature. There is as much color contrast in her single voice as the best arranger can pull out of an orchestra and a zany inspiration that is guaranteed to send a Fundamentalist preacher.

The Brothers: Cohn Perkins Kamuca: *RCA—Victor LPM—116.*

To my ears three saxes are a combination that becomes wearisome, and most of the time what the boys are up to is pretty stereotyped. Still there are a few bright moments.

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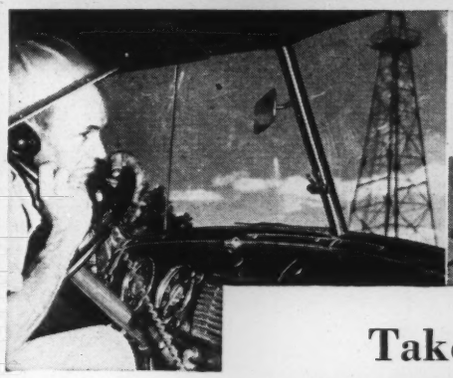

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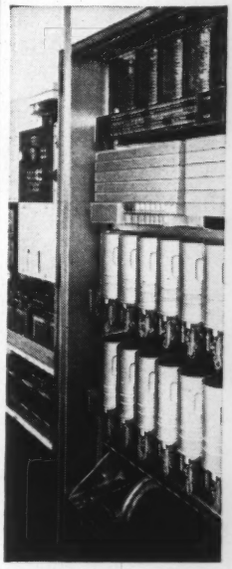

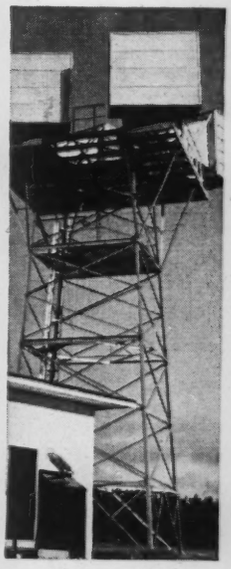

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Skittles and Champagne for Two

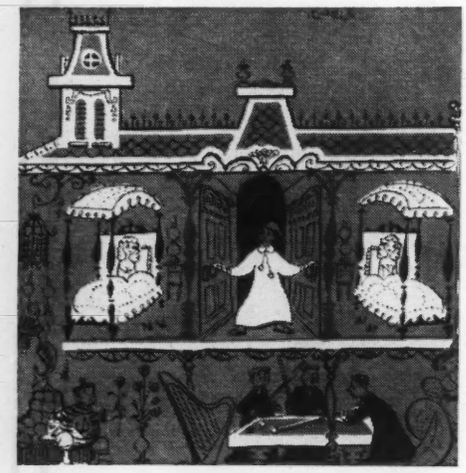
by Robertson Davies

UNLESS WE HAPPEN to be professional historians, most of us have a careless habit of summing up the moral climate of past ages in a phrase; thus the Middle Ages were "very devout", the Restoration was "very licentious" and the age of Victoria was "very strict". This last piece of nonsense is especially silly, for the Victorian Age has been anatomized during the past thirty years, and if we still think that it was an age of severe sexual morality, we simply have not heard what we were told. Three books are at hand today which still further destroy this Victorian myth.

Of course we must not rush to the other extreme, and assume that all Victorians were frauds and hypocrites. But there are facts (how the Victorians loved facts — our modern passion for statistics is part of their legacy to us) which suggest that Victorian morality, like Victorian clothing, had a far seamier side than the modern article. Figures from *The Lancet* of 1857 tell us that there were more than 6,000 brothels in London at that time, and about 80,000 prostitutes, for a population of two and a half millions: in 1951 there were 10,000 prostitutes and a population exceeding eight millions, with strong laws against keeping brothels. Nor can this difference be bridged by talking about "enthusiastic amateurs" in the modern world; there were plenty of amateurs in the great Queen's heyday, as well.

It is fruitless to try to find a fully satisfactory explanation of the prevalence of prostitution in Victorian England. Economics tells part of the story, for female workers of all kinds, including domestic servants, were ill-paid; but illegitimacy in rural districts was commonplace. The caste system was strong, with its concomitant disregard for the chastity of social inferiors; there were many servants, and servants have always been great debauchers of children. And there was the concept of the Good Woman, an ideal which sorted ill with ordinary human nature.

A Good Woman did not strive to make herself sexually desirable, her conversation was antiseptic and sentimentally religious in tone, and the slightest favor could be gained from her only at an inordinate price — probably marriage. Many Victorians tried very hard to be Good Women, and many of them succeeded. But men of normal temperament, without being in any sense debauchees, like



"The Abode": Detail from Jacket

women to be sexually attractive, they like lively conversation which may take a Rabelaisian turn, and they like flirtation. If they wanted these things in Victoria's day, they might find them among the women of their ordinary acquaintance if they were very lucky, but it was more probable that they would have to turn to prostitutes.

These women ranged from the poorest, generally known as Tuppeny Uprights, because of their price and the posture in which they obliged, through ten-shilling,

Jacket Design

guinea and three guinea women of superior charms, to extremely expensive courtesans. Of this last group the queen for many years was Catherine Walters, known as "Skittles".

Skittles lived in splendor, owned beautiful horses which she rode to admiration, and entertained many of the greatest men of the day. And let the word "entertained" be understood aright; Skittles did not lie with the whole of the aristocratic, literary and artistic world, but she provided it with gay and charming conversation, and an atmosphere in which it could meet without oppressive fear that a sudden ebullition of unmitigated jollity would be misunderstood and rebuked by a Good Woman. A courtesan, it must be understood, is not a higher-paid version of that former industrious citizen of Toronto, Dirty-Neck Marge; she is a woman who knows how to entertain men, sitting up as well as lying down; we may be sure that W. E. Gladstone did not visit Skittles for anything but jolly conversation.

There will be those among my feminine readers who will declare, with a toss of their curls, that entertaining men merely pampers them. Quite right. And men like to be pampered. Indeed, they insist upon it.

Victorian sexual morality is investigated most amusingly in Cyril Pearl's book *The Girl With the Swansdown Seat,* which I heartily recommend. The girl of the title was Skittles, and the seat in question was on her privy — the comfort-loving puss! The moral of the book seems to be that she who would keep her husband at home should be rather more like Skittles than like a Good Woman. And again, I must insist that it was pleasing feminine character, rather than a flexible morality, which made these women sought-after; they retained their popularity to ages when even modern women have set up in business as sweet old grannies.

Less wide in range, but equally illuminating in its comment on Victorian life, is *The Abode of Love* by Aubrey Menen. This is an account, in the form of a novel, of that extraordinary character Henry James Prince, who, in the middle of the Victorian era, instituted a new religion, with himself as its Messiah, and founded an Agapemone, or Abode of Love, at Charlinch, in the south of England. Here about sixty people joined him, living communally and making over all their wealth to him to be used as he saw fit. Prince also had access to all the ladies in the Abode, a privilege which he took very seriously and discharged with zeal. He had been, in youth, an Anglican church clergyman, suckled at that tumid breast of orthodoxy, Lampeter College; but his weakness for women won him the title of the Kissing Curate, the Established Church would have no more of him, and he was impelled to set up his own establishment.

The extraordinary thing was that the

Abode was never troubled by the law. It was probably the handsomest bawdy-house in England, and certainly the only one to have a private chapel. Money talks: the fine clothes, the fine carriages, and the air of well-being which pervaded everything about the Abode discouraged enquiry. Prince had assured his followers that he would never die and upon the whole he did pretty well, living far into his eighties, and a lively old gentleman to the end.

Aubrey Menen is one of the most brilliant writers living, but in his last two or three books he has fallen below his accustomed high standard. In *The Abode of Love* he is firmly in the saddle again, for this is in his wittiest, most agreeably ironic style.

The third of these comments on the past century touches only one year of it. Raymond Postgate has chosen to make a study of the year 1848, which was an especially significant one in the nineteenth century, and he follows the news, domestic and foreign, month by month. He has laced war and revolution shrewdly with social comment.

Those who are shocked by the brutal murders of today should compare them with the killing of John Wall by a gang of toughs headed by a man called Jakeways; they had been hunting and had found nothing, so when they happened on Wall working in his cottage Jakeways said "Come, let us shoot the old fellow", and they did. The gangs of Victorian London were quite as savage as the gangs of Chicago in the 'twenties. We also learn such curious facts as that the Duke of Wellington introduced the custom of taking a bath every day into England; he caught the habit in India. It took on, very slowly. When we think of the Victorians we must remember that they were infrequent and reluctant bathers. Skittles, however, washed all over every day, with scented soap. Surely there is a moral in that? Were medieval theologians so far wrong when they called soap "lascivus"?

The Victorians have been immoderately praised, and immoderately blamed, and surely it is time we formed some reasonable picture of them? There was their courageous, intellectually adventurous side, their greedy and inhuman side, their superbly poetic side, their morally pretentious side, their tea and buttered toast side, and their champagne and Skittles side. Much like ourselves, in fact, though rather dirtier.

The Girl With The Swansdown Seat, by Cyril Pearl—pp. 277 and excellent illustrations—*Saunders*—$4.00.

The Abode of Love, by Aubrey Menen—pp. 214—*Saunders*—$4.50.

1848, by Raymond Postgate—pp. 286 and illustrations—*Oxford*—$5.00.

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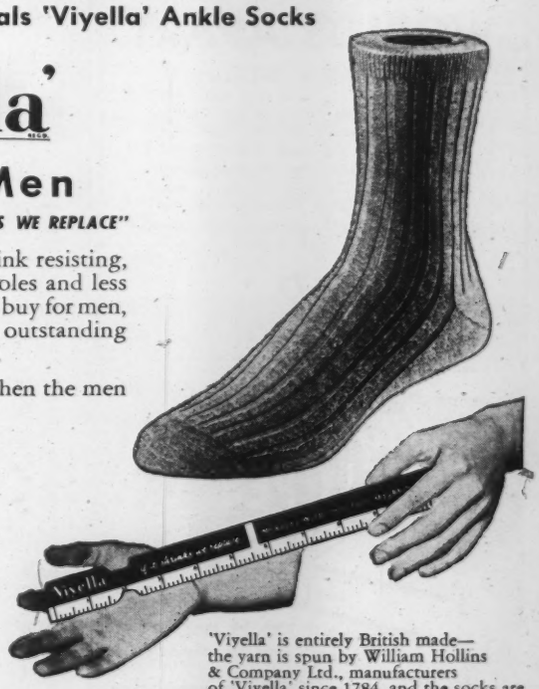

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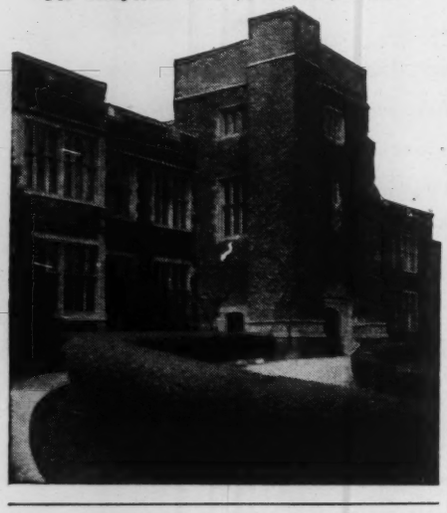

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Fearsome Edge

Winter In The Air, by Sylvia Townsend Warner—pp. 250—*Clarke, Irwin—$2.75.*

HERE ARE eighteen short stories by one of the ablest and most undervalued of modern writers. Miss Townsend Warner has more than the equipment of a first-rate writer—a good style, a sense of form, an eye for character and an ear for dialogue; she has in addition to these things a quality of serenity which is to be found only in the work of those writers who have acquired a great deal of wisdom and self-denial. She knows her people thoroughly; the dark places of their souls have no terrors for her. But she is not angry with them; she does not allow herself the cheap indulgence of indignation—that vice which destroys a writer quicker than brandy at breakfast.

Behind each of these quietly, perfectly told tales lies a great understanding, and a compassion which is greater than mere sympathy; there is also a humor which is too full-blooded to be sardonic, but which has a fearsome edge. There are not half a dozen writers in English today who could hold a candle to this collection.

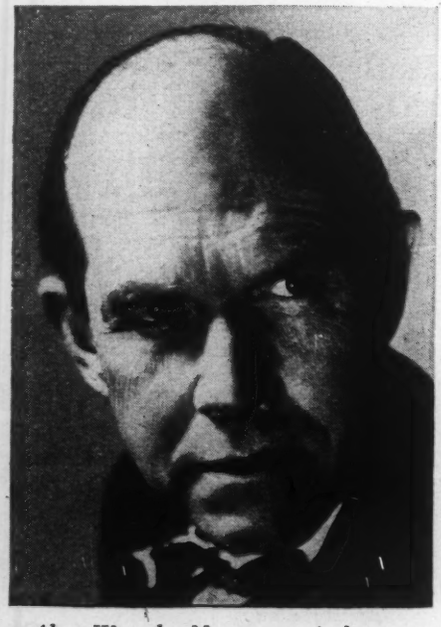
The Hot Islands

Island In The Sun, by Alec Waugh—pp. 552—*Cassell—$3.50.*

THIS IS the sort of book that a thoroughly experienced author writes with one eye on international success, the other eye on Hollywood, and his nose to the grindstone. Popular politics, popular philosophizing, popular sex and an exotic setting are here combined in a book which gives the reader an agreeable sensation of thinking, without any tiresome expense of intellectual energy.

An American journalist goes to the British island of Santa Marta in the Caribbean and writes a series of articles which, without any such intention on his part, throws the island into a state of confusion. As always in these fictional hot islands, the languorous exterior of the white and native population conceals a box of firecrackers. It is all very cleverly done—so cleverly, in fact, that when we have read it we wonder how so interesting a work can possibly leave so little behind it.

R.D.



Alec Waugh: Nose to grindstone.

Frontier Country

The Mysterious North, by Pierre Berton —pp. 345—illustrated and indexed—*McClelland & Stewart—$5.00.*

MR. BERTON'S wide-screen, three-D, Technicolor production of the birth of a nation is a journalistic *tour de force;* in fact, five tours into Canada's several Norths above the 60th parallel, forcefully reported. It is packed with stupendous facts about snows older than history, a waterfall twice as high as Niagara and a labyrinthine smelter in the Kootenay Mountains. The blending of history, anecdote, romance, portraiture and economic analysis is skilful. The whole is woven together by the personal style of the "I saw, I heard" journalist. There is no bibliography.

The five sections have authority because the writer is an expert Canadian observer and spent his childhood at Dawson, Yukon Territory. The North is in his veins but his assessments are rational and shrewd. "The north is neither paradise nor wasteland. It remains a frontier country, with only two important resources, fur and minerals. (A third great resource, hydroelectric power, has yet to be developed.) It is still desperately remote and costly to reach and exploit, but it is capable of supporting if necessary (but only if necessary) a much larger population than it now enjoys."

T.J.A.

Growing Up

Hello To Springtime, by Robert Fontaine —pp. 246—*Ambassador—$3.50.*

THE AUTHOR reminisces about his childhood and youth in Ottawa at the end of the First World War and succeeds where many backward-glancing writers fail: he brings his young self to life, yet retains a dry, mature objectivity in his comment. While the young Fontaine wrestles with all the light personal problems of living in a family of eccentrics, as well as with the heavier ones of Sex and Salvation, the man he is today looks on bewildered, pained, delighted — and detached. Adult antics that filled *The Happy Time* are cut to the minimum and the book is gently amusing all the way through. In this day of the frantic funnyman, an endearing grace.

R.M.T.

Experiment in Etobicoke. Director Guthrie (right). Beside him film editor Irving Lerner who will do the cutting.

Sophocles on Celluloid

by Mary Lowrey Ross

"We aren't planning to take the bread out of Marilyn Monroe's mouth," says director Tyrone Guthrie who has completed filming *Oedipus Rex* with the Stratford cast.

OEDIPUS REX, the first major feature film to be created entirely in Canada, was just getting under way when I visited the Etobicoke studio early this month.

By Hollywood standards, the arrangements were strikingly austere — a set designed to contain all the action, and consisting of a hexagonal stage dominated by a single massive entrance. It is a spare and beautiful set, which is exactly contrived for classic drama and makes no concession to modern spectacle.

There are few concessions to conventional procedure anywhere in the Etobicoke enterprise. "Production", in the customary sense, is limited to masks, costume, and the bare stage. Ninety-five per cent of the play is being filmed in sequence, so that the cumulative power of the tragedy, though frequently halted, is never broken. And, finally, the script, which is so frequently given stepchild treatment in film production, is handled here, line by line, with almost reverent care. "We aren't filming a play by some unknown Mr. Oshkosh," Director Tyrone Guthrie pointed out. "We are filming a tragedy by Sophocles."

This is Dr. Guthrie's first experiment in film direction. His approach to the new medium is confident, brisk and iconoclastic. He said they expected to finish *Oedipus Rex* in exactly two weeks. "Not very long," he added, "but I think we can make it."

He sat forward, watching the manipulating of lights on the set. "It's the lighting that takes the time," he said. They shifted and intensified the lights, and he sat back.

"I was once in a film with Charles Laughton," he recalled. "I had a very small part; in fact, all I had to do was say goodbye. I said goodbye all morning and all afternoon, then went back and said it next morning. Altogether I said it 180 times. That's the sort of thing that takes the time."

"Another thing," he went on, "we don't hand out a sheet of dialogue and expect a player to act out some completely unrelated part. We work here as a group, within the entire drama. There are no unrelated parts or isolated players."

The lights steadied finally on the set and Director Guthrie rose and went back stage. Presently Producer Leonid Kipnis came by and sat down in the vacated chair.

Producer Kipnis is a stocky smiling man, easily distinguishable in any group since he is fairly incandescent with enthusiasm and purpose. He was born and educated in Russia, but left his country in 1921 and went to Germany. There, since his engineering papers were no longer valid, he supported himself for a time by playing the violin in German moviehouses. Eventually his interest in art, en-

Producer Leonid Kipnis and Designer Tanya Moiseiwitsch.

Foresight...

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gineering and films led in the direction of experimental cinema. He has filmed the lives of Gauguin, Van Gogh, Toulouse Lautrec, and Grant Wood, and recently his documentary on Leonardo da Vinci was televised over CBC.

"They are fantastically good, these Canadian players," he told me. "Too good. They are certain to be lured away—"

He considered this rueful prospect for a moment, then said with a sudden return to cheerfulness, "Here we are Canadian, English, Russian, with experts from Hollywood and Europe, everyone working together, no one thinking of anything but the thing we are creating."

There was, certainly, a peculiar air of dedication and excitement in the studio. The lighting experts swarmed silently up the tall rigging, adjusting lights, while everyone else sat in concentrated church-like silence, watching the brilliant empty set. A costumed actor appeared briefly between the two massive pillars, then vanished, and the little group at the end of the studio murmured, as though they had just witnessed a performance.

I asked Producer Kipnis how it was possible to create the sense of mobility on such a limited stage. "The camera moves," he pointed out, "though camera movement in itself is not enough. You have to achieve mobility through the rhythm of speech, action and cutting. In other words it is all within the film itself and all of it related to the peculiar rhythm of editing. Hitchcock did it, you remember, in *Lifeboat* and later in *Rope*."

True cinematic mobility, he pointed out, is not achieved through unlimited camera range and movement. In expert hands, a production can be made, almost literally, to move on a dime. In *Oedipus Rex* the cutting will be done by Hollywood's leading documentarian, Irving Lerner, who was associated for some time with Robert Flaherty. Both Director Guthrie and Producer Kipnis feel it couldn't be in better hands.

Oedipus Rex will run for 75 minutes, and is being filmed in Eastman color. It is adapted for the wide screen, but not for Vista Vision, or CinemaScope. With its masks, its 2,000-year-old cadence and its stern and disciplined sense of fate, it is unlikely to appeal to large commercial audiences. "We aren't planning to take the bread out of Marilyn Monroe's mouth," Director Gurthrie says genially. At the same time, expectation and enthusiasm are running so high that even a popular success could scarcely surprise the producers.

Actually, it promises to be the sort of film that wins high awards at European film festivals, that commands the loyal, though often scattered support of fringe audiences everywhere, that is finally retired, after a long, honorable and often highly profitable run, to the Museum of Modern Art.

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BUSINESS

A Key to Higher Living Standards

by Robson Black

A RECENT gathering of 800 leaders of Swedish industry and labor, at Stockholm, accepted the conclusion that the national standard of living will be doubled in the next 25 years. Nobody suggested that this would, or should, be achieved by any such simplification as elevating wages at the expense of profits or by embarking on "nationalization". Indeed, everyone agreed that the present frame-work of "free enterprise" was sufficiently spacious to provide a shorter wage-week and a larger pay-cheque without greatly affecting price levels or disturbing the competitive position of manufactured exports.

The Aladdin's lamp of Swedish planning is technological research, the pursuit of better ways to produce goods faster and cheaper, with no more and probably much less man-power. This, in itself, is nothing new, for thousands of manufacturers have been doing it as an incident of good management. What gives the Swedish design an original twist is that Big Business refuses to leave everything to inventors, chemists, and physicists. Both management and labor, they contend, must be prepared to furnish a higher standard of intelligence before technological research can yield its full fruits.

It looks like quite an undertaking to give some seven million people twice as much prosperity in 25 years as they now enjoy. Already the climb has been considerable. During the last seven years, real wages in Sweden have improved 63 per cent for men and 81 per cent for women. Since 1939, the total amount paid out for wages showed a five-fold increase, although the number of workers advanced only 50 per cent. Swedish wage levels stand 25 per cent higher than in Switzerland and more than 50 per cent above the West German and Belgian schedules. With all this, and with a taxation rate somewhat higher than Canada's, corporation dividends provide a quite satisfactory return.

The Swedish promise of an expanding and widely-diffused prosperity appears to be substantiated by the fact that three of the primary conditions are already in being. The foreign observer cannot fail to note that in each labor dispute involving higher wages or shorter hours, the crux of all claims and counter claims is whether the proposed action is likely to raise the price level.

It is evident from this persistent emphasis on an unchanging price-level that both labor and management share a single viewpoint on the pre-eminence of scientific research. This term, however, means much more to the Swede than a glass-walled laboratory with Bunsen burners and test tubes. It embraces every form of search for more effective ideas, including the field of invention which has given Sweden an impressive string of "firsts"—high explosives, ball bearings, high quality steels, electrical and mining machinery, cream separators, vacuum cleaners, and many more. During several surveys of industrial centres, I was impressed by the readiness of factory managements to jettison old machinery and processes at sight of better equipment and improved techniques brought to light anywhere in the world. The national tax system shrewdly encourages such plant improvements by allowing liberal charge-offs for obsolescence and a deduction from tax-bills of 20 per cent annually for new machines that increase output. From this increased output, with a minor addition to man-power, the unions expect to raise wages and shorten hours; and from the same process, the shareholders of industry expect to sustain their annual returns *ad infinitum*.

In the Swedish view, shared by all elements of the labor market, investors, managers and workers are essential to the production of goods. It has come to be looked upon as an anachronism in modern society that production should cease because of relatively minor differences. By no means is this view a product of government policy or pressure, for government interference in labor-management questions is taboo. It proceeds from a conviction that the wage-earner and his boss can best settle their differences by friendly talks across a board-room table.

A notable expression of this sense of mutual interest and mutual competence is provided by a "standing peace commission" of trade unions and employers to ensure no interruption to essential public services because of any labor dispute. Railways, bus transport, food delivery, have been placed beyond the reach of strike trouble, not due so much to the altruism of labor unions as to violent reaction of the powerful Swedish middle-class to the last attempt at disorganizing community life.

One of Sweden's most modern housing developments for workers.

THE CONSTRUCTION BOOM

Preliminary estimates of 1956 capital expenditures point to another year of record prosperity for the Canadian Construction Industry. This activity should be reflected favourably in the earnings of many of the building supply and general contracting companies.

A discussion of the construction industry, some of the problems it faces, and a review of four large companies will be found in the May issue of our Monthly Bulletin.

We think you will find this Bulletin of timely assistance. Write or telephone for a complimentary copy.

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Canadian Industries

What do you feel is responsible for Canadian Industries Ltd. long and steady decline in the face of increased earnings and the generally prosperous outlook for the chemical industry?—D.W.M., Swift Current, Sask.

One would hardly describe CIL's market action as a long and steady decline. So far this year the market price has moved between $24 and $21. The present price is about $22. After the new company was formed when the old Canadian Industries split into two parts, the shares did sell as high as about $28.

However, much of the buying that occurred at that time reflected major investors, particularly from overseas, taking a position for the long term. The slide since largely reflects a lack of interest as investors and traders focus their attention on natural resource industries where the bulk of the market boom has occurred.

Actually, for the investor, CIL shares on a straight financial basis are hardly a buy. They yield only a little better than 2 per cent (dividends at the rate of 50 cents annually) and are trading about 30 times 1955 earnings of 73 cents a share.

Obviously, the present market price is looking far ahead to the time when expansion of the chemical industry will result in greater earnings. CIL now is building its business rapidly and has to pay for this growth. It is trying to break a major new product—Terylene—into the market and has to overcome initial manufacturing problems.

But for an investor who wants to participate in the chemical industry, certainly CIL would be a major vehicle. Keep in mind the possibility that the market price could even go lower during the period of further build-up in the company. On the other hand, should the market suddenly take a liking to the company, CIL shares would have considerable scarcity value since 82 per cent of the outstanding stock is held by Imperial Chemical Industries.

Maritime T&T

Is Maritime Telegraph and Telephone common a good buy at $20½?—J.L.K., Halifax.

Maritime Telegraph & Telephone is a key utility in the Maritimes, operating the bulk of the Nova Scotia telephone system and controlling the Prince Edward Island system. As you undoubtedly realize, the shares are not listed on any exchange.

The company pays annual dividends of 80 cents, giving a yield of about 4 per cent on the shares. Earnings in 1955 were equal

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DIVIDEND NOTICE

On April 26th, 1956, a quarterly dividend of sixty cents per share in U.S. currency was declared on the no par value shares of this Company payable June 5th, 1956 to shareholders of record at the close of business May 11th, 1956.

Montreal *JAMES A. DULLEA*
April 26th, 1956 *Secretary*

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to about $1.10 a share, up from 93 cents a share in 1954.

Along with other Canadian utilities, the company has been in the fortunate position of finding demand for its services steadily increasing. Naturally such growth has to be financed and it is expected that this year the company will undertake some financing.

This may take the form of rights to shareholders to buy additional shares at prices well below the market. An investor who is seeking a conservative outlet for his funds could find such rights attractive since they would have the effect of lowering his average purchase price and thus increasing his yield.

Generally, Maritime shares change little in price. Like other utilities (e.g. Bell Telephone), market price is largely governed by yield. If interest rates generally are declining, market price would tend to increase since investors would find utilities more attractive for income. But as interest rates decline (that is happening in Canada now) it is likely that over the long haul market value of such conservative vehicles would tend to decline—that is, unless dividends are increased.

However, as a sound investment for the person more concerned with safety of return than capital, Maritime might be considered attractive, particularly in view of the possibility of periodic offerings of rights.

Canada Vinegars

Can you explain why Canada Vinegar Co. does not make a better showing?—G.F.D., Winnipeg.

Canada Vinegars has been making continual headway in its operations. Admittedly, so far as the market price of the stock is concerned, nothing very exciting has happened. At about $19, the price is about midway between its 1956 high of $20 and its low of $18¼. And this level isn't very much different from the range of about $20 to $16.50 for 1955.

However, the market level doesn't necessarily indicate or reflect the affairs of a company. In the year ended September 30, 1955, Canada Vinegars increased its net profit to $150,405 from $137,084. Its profits have been rising steadily since 1952 when they were $101,286.

At the same time, the company has been expanding its operations to help supply a growing domestic market as a result of the rise in the Canadian population. It has pretty well completed this program and now is in a stronger position to benefit from the nation's growth.

At its present market price of about $19, it represents one of the stocks on the market which offer a fairly attractive yield. Dividend payments in 1955 totaled $1.15, and this would provide a yield of

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By Order of the Board.

R. R. MERRIFIELD,
Secretary.

Montreal, April 30, 1956.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Dividend No. 275

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of FORTY-FIVE CENTS per share upon the paid-up capital stock of this bank has been declared for the current quarter and will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after FRIDAY, THE 1ST DAY OF JUNE, 1956 to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30TH DAY OF APRIL, 1956.

By Order of the Board,
K. M. SEDGEWICK
General Manager

Montreal, Que., April 17, 1956

about 6 per cent. And the shares are trading at about 12 times 1955 fiscal year earnings. This ratio compares with about 16 times earnings for some of our retail food chains.

Possibly, one reason for the lack of interest in the shares which you are concerned about is that the company is not too well known and lacks the glamour associated with the so-called "growth" stocks talked about these days. Its products are prosaic and taken for granted.

Canada Vinegars, like so many other firms, simply operates successfully. It doesn't make a lot of noise and its 92,000 outstanding shares are closely held and trade irregularly.

Investors Mutual

I hold shares of Investors Mutual but feel I should sell a part of them and reinvest in, say, Bell Telephone, Int. Nickel, Inland Cement and John Labatt. This switch would give me a better average yield. Would you recommend or condemn such an action?—E. G., Montreal, Que.

Although the companies you mention switching into are blue chips, we would go very slowly about getting out of Investors Mutual, especially since you would be getting out on the bid side of the market. This is somewhat less than the asked price and the differential between the two makes it that much less attractive to sell the Investors. Consequently the switch may not be actually as advantageous as it appears at first sight.

Brought into being to provide a means of professionally-supervised investment for the person of moderate means who lacks investment knowledge, the mutual funds have enjoyed expansions largely because of their appeal to investors of substantial size. They employ men highly skilled in investment practice and you may rest assured that the attractions of Bell Telephone, Int. Nickel and their ilk have not been lost on the portfolio supervisors of the mutuals.

In Brief

What should I do with share certificates of 1930 vintage of Oro Grande Mining and White Eagle Silver?—A.T., Toronto.

Forget 'em. Oro died long ago and White Eagle has disappeared.

Do Wingait Mines shares have any value? Where could I get the shares registered in my name and what is the company's head office?—S.C.M., New York.

This is now Gaitwin Explorations. For every five Wingait shares you hold, you will get one Gaitwin. Gaitwin trades on the Toronto Stock Exchange at about 50 cents. Transfer agents are Premier Trust Co., Toronto, and the head office is Room 405, 25 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Have any of these shares any value: Continental Copper, Ribago Rouyn, Georgia River Gold and Jaculet Mines?—A.M.B., Victoria.

Continental Copper and Georgia River are dead. Ribago is trading over-the-counter between seven and 12 cents. Jaculet has become New Jaculet with old shares receiving one share of Copper Cliff (trades on listed market at about $4.80) for each six Jaculet, and one share of New Jaculet (trades at about $1.75).

I hold shares in Consolidated Allenbee which cost me about 26 cents. What shall I do? Should they improve when the gas situation is decided upon?—A.H., Vancouver.

The chances of Consolidated Allenbee are sketchy.

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They preach real estate selling. Morris shouts, "Toronto is Manhattan at the turn of the century". Brethour promises, "You haven't seen anything yet. The boom has just begun." They sell a house an hour.

TIME WAS when the best-known Canadian names belonged to figures in the entertainment or sporting world. In Toronto that tradition is fast dying. The names flashing in neon now are the ones linked to the country's bubbling real-estate boom. Leaders in the climb to fame aboard the "For Sale" sign are Brethour and Morris.

Last year, 30-year-old Riley Brethour and his equally energetic partner, 32-year-old Gerry Morris, set a record for the amount of space purchased in the classified section of Canadian newspapers. The $300,000 they spent to push the Brethour and Morris name in boldface type was instrumental in allowing them to boast the sale of a house every hour every day of the year. The young businessmen have aimed at a new high each month, and reached it every month since they set up shop five years ago. For the month of March alone their gross was $7 million.

To entice enough customers to keep their 260 salesmen selling, Brethour and Morris use every promotion technique from hoopla to "cultuh". The "B & M Courtesy Caravan", a giant black and white bus, rolls would-be home-buyers out into new suburbs, while soft music and sales-talk fill the air over a built-in P.A. system. On weekends the bus is made available for use by charity organizations, to take crippled children or old folks out on a picnic, free of charge. Brethour and Morris have backed little theatre groups and a concert at the Canadian National Exhibition band shell for New Canadians—all in the interest of Arts, Letters and Promotion.

Brethour and Morris also own their own mortgage company and have shares in six different construction companies. This year, as well as selling a house an hour, they will construct almost a house a day. They feel they haven't done badly for two men who five years ago had flopped in other fields.

Six-foot, 225-pound Brethour, who looks like a football middle, was born in Hespeler, Ontario. When he came out of the services, he was determined to fulfil a childhood ambition: to own a dairy.

Brethour borrowed $10,000 from his father and got a mortgage for another ten. In the first year of operation his delivery horse dropped dead, and his entire staff quit, and in three years he had lost everything.

A psychology-aptitude test led him into real estate and the firm of A. W. Farlinger. There he met Gerry Morris, Morris's non-success story was equally impressive. Born in London, Eng., he moved to Toronto when quite young. He left high school before graduating, and headed for the gold and glitter of Hollywood. The closest he came to glamour was as a bus-boy in a swank restaurant. Back in Toronto broke, he borrowed enough money to buy a car to become a real estate salesman.

Brethour is a family man, with three children and a 10-room house in north Toronto. Morris, a bachelor of the "Tender Trap" variety, has a lavish apartment in Toronto from which he commutes to New York regularly for his one outside interest, the theatre.

Both Brethour and Morris feel that Toronto's boom is just beginning. So violent are Brethour's sales speeches that he has to rush home to sleep after an hour on the platform, during which time he whispers, growls, threatens, pleads, pounds . . . and sells.

The young real-estate lions' projects at the moment include construction and sale of an entire subdivision at Bronte, Ontario, and plans for a large redevelopment of a blighted area of Toronto, including low-cost housing for those evicted. They introduced a "trade-in your home" scheme to Canada, based on auto sales methods.

What's next for the super-salesmen? Morris says, "Some day I'd like us to have our own theatre—the Brethour and Morris Centre". Brethour says, "Some day I'd like to build an entire town, a small city, plan it, construct it, and, of course, *sell it*".

Riley Brethour and Gerry Morris

HOW TO OBTAIN
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Puzzler

by J. A. H. Hunter

"SOME FOLK make good beggars," said Bob scanning the list of donations collected by his little group of helpers. Every year he and his friends devote much time to getting what they can from their acquaintances, for nine charities in which they are interested.

"Now look at this," continued my friend, "Harry's son collects four cents and his daughter sixteen cents. That's his idea of a joke."

"But what about the good beggary?" I asked.

"All in good time," he replied, passing me the list, which was made out in order of totals collected by the various members of his team, "for the next one collected 64¢, and after that we get $2.56."

That list was really extraordinary, for the total shown against each successive name was exactly four times the preceding total. "So each of your charities gets precisely the same amount," I remarked, "and that's almost a fortune."

Bob nodded. "Not too bad," he conceded modestly, "and you'll note we've deducted only $57.44 altogether for expenses."

So how much did each charity receive? (23)

Answer on Page 38.

Chess Problem

by 'Centaur'

BARRY J. de C. Andrade at his best was one of the most prolific of English chess problem composers, devoting his efforts to two-movers and a good sprinkling of three-movers. His home is at Woodford Green, Essex. About two years back he informed us that he had virtually retired.

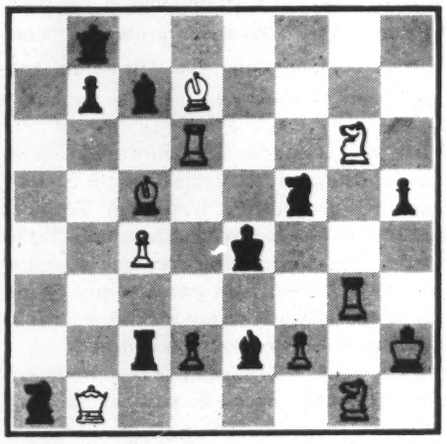
Andrade has an enviable gift of construction, and great fertility in varied presentation of many themes. One of his favorites was the white half-pin, featured mainly for tries, and he made numerous versions. In the example below he doubles the idea.

Solution of Problem No. 140.

Key-move 1.Q-Kt3, threatening 2.QxR mate. If P-B5ch; 2.Kt-B5 mate. If R-Q5; 2.Kt-Q5 mate. If P-B4; 2.Q-Q5 mate. If PxP; 2.Q-K3 mate.

Problem No. 141, by B. J. de C. Andrade.

White mates in two.



Guess What?

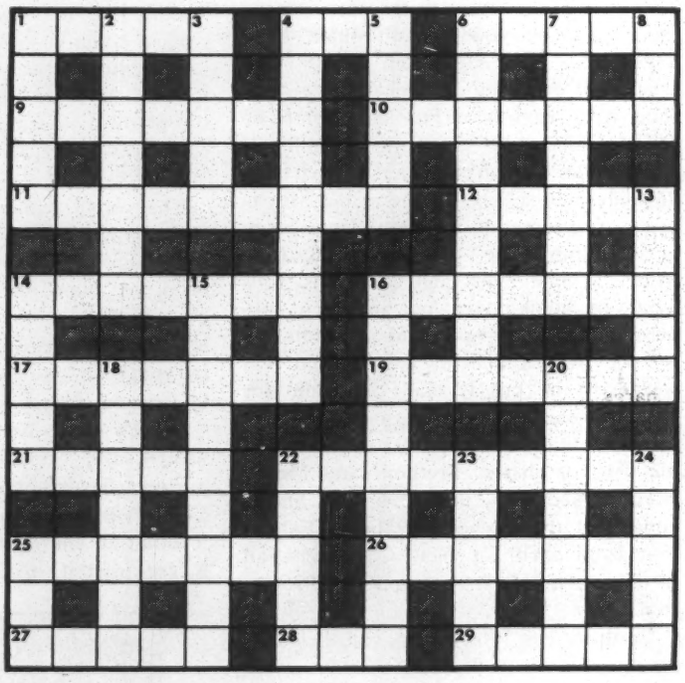
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1 See 28
4 In the past Chicago wasn't fashionable. (3)
6 When soft voices die, it vibrates in the memory, according to one of the 24. (5)
9 Bert lit can't bend! (7)
10 Was this tale told in rime at the Globe? (7)
11 A cooling course? (9)
12 Turncoats at the track. (5)
14 Transport bums? No, I would get upset! (7)
16 How the dentist trained? (7)
17 Side ones never look straight — (7)
19 —and suggest this when downcast. (7)
21 Broth that will take some beating? (5)
22 Snappy cheese container, but not for free. (9)
25 A hundred tuck into the teacakes at the fireside. (7)
26, 5 Appropriate for the presentation of "Journey's End"? (7, 2, 3)
27 Continue to hit the ball, but surely not with this! (5)
28, 1 It's no go, unless you're color blind. (3, 5)
29 Cuts off in court. (5)

DOWN

1 Hard work for the party. (5)
2 The fabulous creature has Fifi upset internally. (7)
3 See 25D
4 Early in the day they are seen meandering on the streets, the precious things. (9)
5 See 26
6 The lie of a community under repair. (9)
7 Different clients have a different answer. (7)
8 Socks are beginning to go up, yet the cost is cut down. (3)
13 Shortly Ebenezer and Florence may be responsible for these. (5)
14 Dry period with no doctor in attendance. (5)
15 NO CAB? (4, 5)
16 Died swallowing a mixture of turps. (9)
18 This place may either elevate you or let you down. (7)
20 This course may have been caused by a faulty car tire. (7)
22 When talented he's miserable. (5)
23 Give me a raise to the limit. (5)
24 See 6A (5)
25, 3 U-boat, for example. (3-5)



Solution to last puzzle

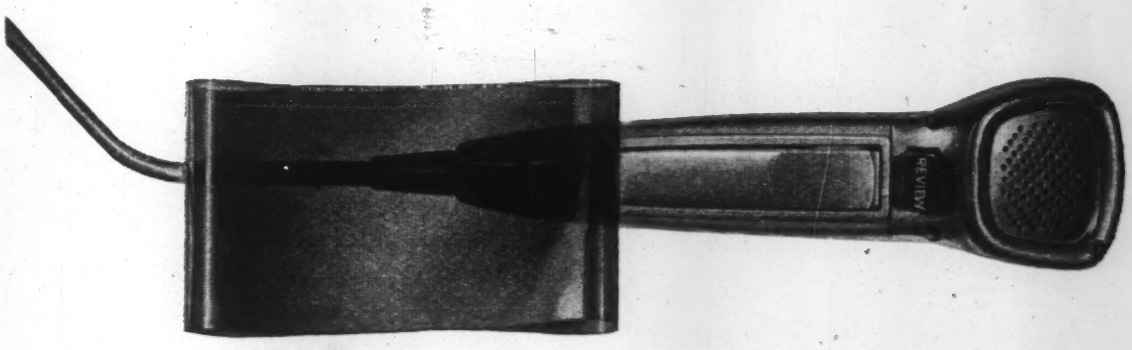
ACROSS

1 Quarterback
9 Pay day
10 Secondly
11 Sparing
12 Swishes
14 Flea
15 Stole
16 See 22
18 Used
19 Event
20 Root
21 Octopus
24 Ascribe
27 Claimant
28 Invent
29 Undertakers

DOWN

2 Underpaid
3 Rayon
4, 13 Easy money
5 Buckwheat
6 Cents
7 Maypoles
8 Flee
13 See 4
15 Speculate
16 Car driver
17 Snowbank
22, 16A Cold cash
23 Orion 25 Slick
26 Stet (390)

How to swap office drudgery for freedom and independence



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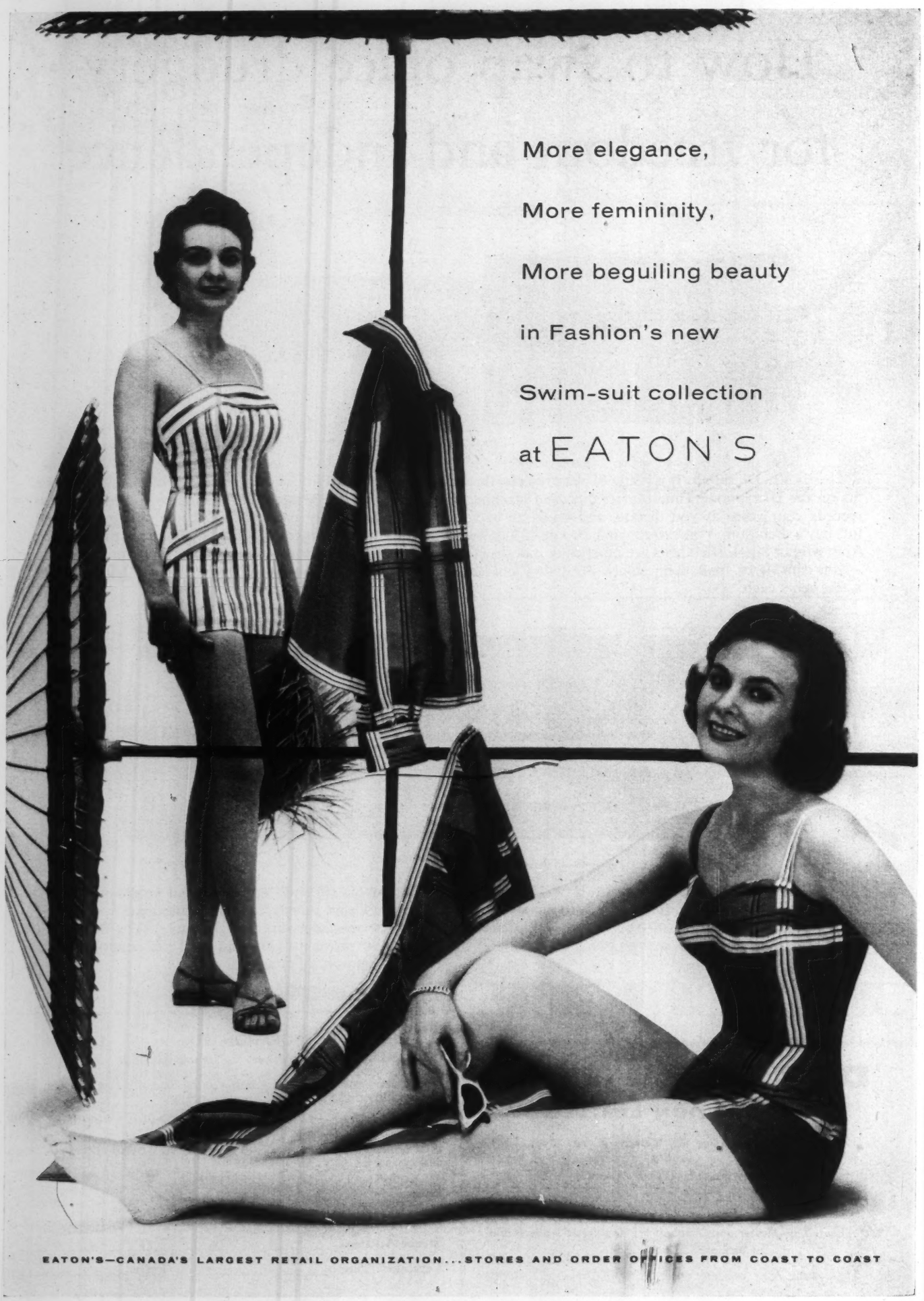
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Families in the Arts

by Fern Rahmel

CANADIANS have a familial approach to the lively arts. Take the Morses, for example. Acting is a way of life for all of them. Both Barry Morse and his wife, Sydney Sturgess, have been familiar to radio audiences and TV viewers ever since their arrival here five years ago. Now their children, Melanie, ten, and Hayward, eight, are becoming well known, too. Both have appeared on radio and television; Hayward has acted at the Crest Theatre in Toronto and began rehearsing last week for his part in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* at Stratford. Melanie will have the part of Little Mary in the Crest's production of *The Women*.

The Wrights of London are similarly immersed in music. Don Wright has trained choirs and orchestras, supervised school music, managed radio station CFPL, written and arranged best-selling music-books, and with his wife, Lillian, has brought up three children to look on music as both work and recreation. Now their middle child, Priscilla, a gay 15-year-old, has emerged as a songstress. Her recordings have vaulted her from little girl to chanteuse, with featured appearances on "Toast of the Town" and other American and Canadian programs.

A good many husbands and wives have dovetailed their interests in the lively arts into joint or complementary careers. Among these are Alan and Blanche Lund, who have danced their way up and down the continent and are at present doing the choreography every other Sunday for

Above: Barry Morse and his wife, Sydney Sturgess, with Melanie (10) and Hayward (8).

Left: Don and Lillian Wright. Below: Their daughter Priscilla, young recording songstress.

Blanche and Alan Lund, Canada's foremost ballroom and TV dancers.

Jack and "Midge" Arthur—"Mr. and Mrs. Showbusiness". Below: Clifford Poole and his wife, Margaret Parsons, duo-pianists.

Photographer John Steele looks over a new play by his wife, Patricia Joudry.

David Greene directs his wife, Katharine Blake, and Barry Morse for TV.

Paraskeva Clark, artist, and her son Clive, with their work.

GE's "Showtime" and starting to work on dance numbers for the Canadian National Exhibition.

With them at the CNE will be Jack and Margaret ("Midge") Arthur. Jack Arthur has been executive producer for the "Ex." since 1952 and Mrs. Arthur, besides looking after their three sons, has worked along with him as choreographer.

The duo-piano team of Parsons and Poole is a husband-and-wife team as well. This year the Pooles had a Community Concert tour of some 15,000 miles, travelling from Kapuskasing to Texas. They took their own pianos and, in a blinding snowstorm, the trailer was wrecked and the two pianos stranded in the snow. They managed to get repairs and a new trailer and never missed an engagement. Each year since the death of their oldest son from cancer they have given a series of concerts to raise money for a fund for research into children's diseases which is carried out at the War Memorial Children's Hospital in London, Ont., where they live and teach.

Patricia Joudry, the brilliant young author whose play, *Teach Me How To Cry*, was one of the successes of the off-Broadway theatre in New York last season and one of the most moving and sensitive dramas to be seen in Toronto this year, is married to John Steele, the photographer. He is especially well known for his theatre pictures. To the reportorial side of the camera he has added a discernment of dramatic values, incident, and characterization that equals these same qualities in his wife's writing.

Katharine Blake is one of TV's youngest, prettiest and most glowing stars and she never appears to better advantage than when she is directed by her husband, David Greene, considered by many to be Canada's most able TV director.

Paraskeva Clark, one of Canada's most perceptive women painters, says that people who come to her studio to see her work are now staying to look at the mobiles her son, Clive, a third-year architecture student at the University of Toronto, is doing. Cleverly conceived and worked in various materials—plastic, metal, marble—they have excited considerable interest wherever they have been shown. If she sounds rueful about the American customer who bought Clive's work rather than hers, she also has a quick maternal pride in his achievement in this form.

The sprightliest Canadian show in many a season is the current edition of the New Play Society's *Spring Thaw*. This is the joint enterprise of Dora Mavor Moore, who founded the New Play Society, and her son Mavor, who devised and produced *Spring Thaw*. The Moores, mother and son, have done as much as any pair in Canada to keep the arts alive and healthy. Mrs. Moore's latest success is the application of dramatic techniques as a therapeutic method in mental hospitals, something unique, at least in Canada, in the treatment of such patients.

Dora Mavor Moore and Mavor.

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Letters

Bridey Murphy

I am in complete sympathy with Mr. Cohen in his attack on what has turned out to be an obvious mercenary project to benefit financially from the knowledge that most people are intensely interested in where we, as humans, came from and where we go when we die . . .

None of the foregoing, however, gives Mr. Cohen the right to commit the logical fallacy known as Argumentum ad Ignorantium. Mr. Cohen, by implying that transmigration of souls is a false proposition because the Bridey Murphy "case" has been disproved, has, in effect, claimed that a proposition is false because it has not been proved true. This can only be valid in our society in a court of law but neither Mr. Bernstein nor Mrs. Simmons are on trial in court, although Mr. Cohen leaves no doubt in my mind that he thinks they should be.

PORT ALICE, BC. A. V. GORDON

(About) this article of Nathan Cohen's on the Bridey Murphy incident . . . Who among your writer or writers anywhere, can add or detract one cubit to the stature of man's confusion of things beyond his understanding? But, the culture of the average Canadian, however rough it might yet be, would dictate, I believe, that a subject such as this be approached with humility and wonderment, however fraudulent the players in this little episode might have been.

This ridiculing of Mr. Cohen's has been heard many times down through the ages. Galileo heard it, so did Graham Bell and the Wright Brothers, and so did the Man from Nazareth. It is well that scoffers of this kind were seldom allowed the last word.

WINNIPEG RALPH J. WALSH

Editor's note: Galileo, the Man from Nazareth et al were, at times, pretty good scoffers. However, we will gladly let Mr. Walsh have the last word in confusion.

Canadian Travel

. . . Many people owning both homes and cottages do little travelling for obvious reasons. If travel agents or public spirited bodies could offer, say, cottage owners in Ontario and Quebec a rent free cottage on the sea in the Maritimes, comparable to their own, and Maritimers similar facilities on a lake or river in Ontario and Quebec, would not many people spend a little extra money to experience such a delightful change?

The practicability of such a proposal could be explored by undertaking sample advertising in a selected locality in each of these two broad areas, inviting say 100 cottage owners to participate in a "Cottage Exchange Scheme" . . .

OTTAWA W. H. GRANT

The "Travel" issue of SATURDAY NIGHT was most interesting. I should like to see more of Canada's Playgrounds, but trips of this kind will have to wait until I retire from active work. I am one of those unfortunates who is compelled to take the first two weeks in August for a vacation. I once tried a Canadian holiday at that time of the year, but never again. The roads and public transportation were overloaded and the service at the resorts was both inadequate and expensive. The resort operators were not to blame; they would like the traffic spread over two or three months instead of two or three weeks, but the tycoons of industry decide otherwise. Now I either remain at home or go over the border where the habit of vacationing at the beginning of August is by no means so prevalent.

ST. CATHARINES H. J. HOWARD

Eden and Nichols

. . . We are to infer — that in the opinion of the writer (Beverley Nichols), it is an important function of a Prime Minister to be entertaining. So important, indeed, that lack of ability so to be is held sufficient to disqualify the minister from exercising the highest office! As well condemn Mr. Liberace as an entertainer on account of his imperfect grasp of the principles of Constitutional Law.

Is it really true that a lot of people believe that a Prime Minister must be a TV draw? Are we really to accept the verdict of the popularity poll as evidence of quality?

POINTE CLAIRE, QUE. A. M. C. WATERMAN

What spite Mr. Beverley Nichols displays towards Sir Anthony Eden (SATURDAY NIGHT, April 28th). I wonder how he tries to rationalize his outburst and how a psychologist would analyse it.

TORONTO N. T. SIMPSON

Standards

Being one of the deeply immoral, pompous nitwits of which Robertson Davies speaks in his book review, I feel challenged to defend myself . . . Authors and playwrights have begun their manuscripts with the main object of shocking us until we are numb. Now that we have become completely numb at being placed in bed alongside performing couples in many novels, authors must turn to some other form of shocking. So now they are going to rape the standards by which the world has managed to survive the centuries . . .

CALGARY MRS. N. GILLARD

Abundance

Your editorial "Time's Winged Chariot" reveals the void left in the human soul from materialism. You might have gone a constructive step further and pointed twentieth century Canadians to the words of the Master, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the *things* which he possesseth" . . . True enough, "things" end with the grave, but Christ did not, neither will they who have found eternal life . . .

SHERKSTON, ONT. ROY V. SIDER

First

I, at least, thought John Fisher had a rudimentary knowledge of Canada and its past. Fraser was not the first to see the Pacific at Bella Coola, but Alexander MacKenzie on July 22, 1793. . .

QUALICUM BEACH NORMAN ROBINSON

Crosswords

A word to say how much I enjoy the crosswords of Louis and Dorothy Crerar. I acquired a taste for this type of puzzle while in England last year and am glad at least one Canadian publication enables me to continue a pleasant pastime . . .

WINNIPEG D. N. RAINFORD

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Soft skies smile down on this holiday isle

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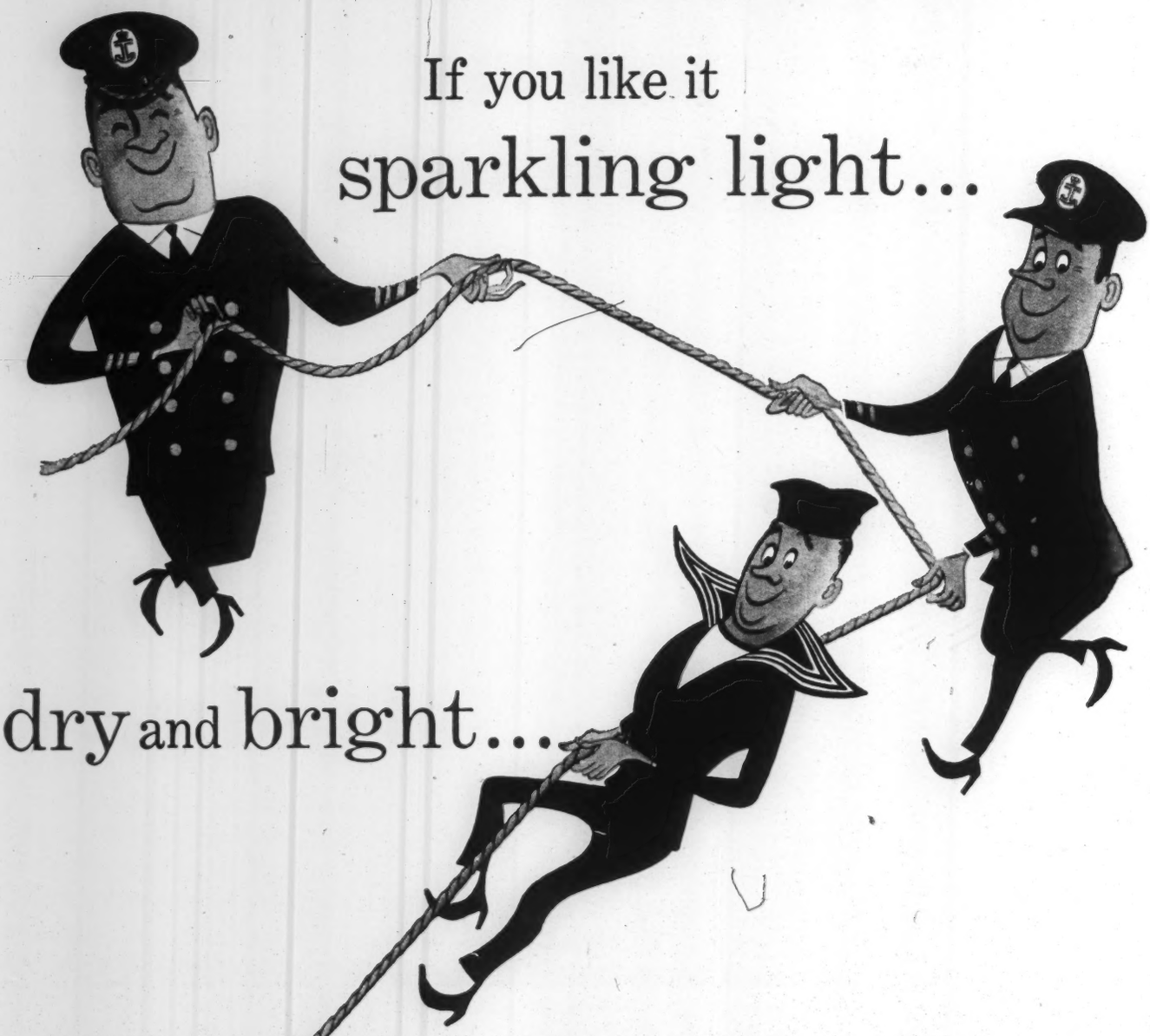

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